

THE SANDWICH MAN AND THE MAGIC NUMBER

by

DAVID FELL

Address:
The Old School
Southwick
Dumfries
DG2 8AL

Telephone:
01387 780217

e-mail: scotdav_1@yahoo.com

CAST OF CHARACTERS

Michael
Delia
MacIntyre
Creamy
Brian
Roberta
Nigel
Assassin One
Assassin Two
Voice
Boss
Barbara
Jennifer
Nick
Ronnie

THE SANDWICH MAN AND THE MAGIC NUMBER

1 EXT CITY NIGHT

Opening credits on a black screen end and fade up to panoramic view of a city at night. We close slowly on two facing apartment blocks. It is evening, there is a light in a window in one of the blocks upon which we close. There is slow, dramatic music playing softly in the background creating a dark, sinister atmosphere.

CUT TO:

2 INT APARTMENT NIGHT

A youngish man, MICHAEL, enters an apartment. It is rather untidy, quite small, perhaps a little old-fashioned given the age of the occupant. He is a slightly bookish, timid-looking man. MICHAEL says the word, 'Roberta', inquisitively, as he walks into a living room and sits down. When there is no answer he gets up again and walks through to a bedroom where he is confronted by two people in bed having sex. It is clearly not loving, more wild, animalistic and they are obviously having a pretty good time. The woman, ROBERTA looks up and sees him. She doesn't instantly react, giving us the impression that she is not exactly horrified about being caught, there is, indeed, a suggestion that she is actually enjoying the moment. MICHAEL doesn't say anything, rather just stands there with his mouth open.

CUT TO:

A little later back in the living room ROBERTA and MICHAEL stand facing each other. ROBERTA has a sophisticated, uncompromising appearance and looks defiant, MICHAEL, crestfallen. Her friend has evidently gone. They are each holding a glass of whisky.

MICHAEL

How could you do it, I mean, I thought, I thought, we, we meant something to each other?

ROBERTA

I wanted to, so I did.

MICHAEL

(miserably)

And that's it? You just, you just...

ROBERTA

(interrupting)

Jesus Christ can't you even get angry, throw something at me, shout, swear...

MICHAEL

(quietly)

I just feel numb.

ROBERTA

(losing her temper, starting shout)

Numb, numb, God almighty, just as well I didn't tell you about the others you'd be in a coma by now.

MICHAEL

(weakly, taking a drink and coughing)

The others?

ROBERTA

(screaming)

Yes the others, all the rest of the men who've been screwing me. (*smashing her glass against a wall in a fury*) I'm fed up, fed up with your ineptitude, your limp, insipid presence in my life, your books, your hopelessness. (*pause, MICHAEL looks stunned*) Yes hopelessness, God I don't know why I ever bothered, you, you just don't have any life in you Michael, any ambition. I mean what about that Hong Kong thing, you have the chance to go and work and study in one of the most exciting cities in the world and you just, (*putting on a voice*) I can't do that, I'm Michael, I'm sad and pathetic...

There is a pause as they look at each other, MICHAEL looks blank, ROBERTA still looks defiant. MICHAEL sighs and sits down.

MICHAEL

Well I might go now.

ROBERTA finds her handbag and takes out a letter, handing it to him as she walks towards the front door.

ROBERTA

Good, you do that, (*handing over the letter*) Here, this is for you.

She leaves the apartment. MICHAEL opens the letter, it reads, 'I've left you.' After a second or two he shrugs his shoulders a bit. Maybe he is not quite as upset as we thought.

CUT TO:

3 EXT CITY NIGHT

Back on the outside of the building the camera pans round to view the facing block where the man who was having sex with ROBERTA, NIGEL, sits in a window, about a hundred yards away. He is in profile, at a computer screen, shaking his head but seemingly engrossed in what he is doing. The dramatic music continues as we close slowly on his window.

CUT TO:

4 INT NIGEL'S APARTMENT NIGHT

We view NIGEL now from inside the apartment, still at the computer. The apartment is well appointed, lights slightly dimmed, modern decor, the abode of a young professional. He has an intense, ruthless appearance. We hear the sound of a door opening and closing then footsteps, which reveal themselves to be ROBERTA. NIGEL speaks without looking round. The music now fades.

NIGEL

You've left him then?

ROBERTA

Yes, I told you I would, he was talking about going to Hong Kong incidentally.

NIGEL

That loser couldn't find his way to the airport.

CUT TO:

5 INT PLANE NIGHT

MICHAEL is sitting on a plane, in flight, looking at his ticket, which indicates that he is going to Hong Kong. A pretty girl sits next to him, he says, 'Hi!' to her, she smiles back.

CUT TO:

6 EXT HONG KONG DAY

We slowly pan around Victoria Harbour, Hong Kong. It is a bright, sunlit day. The streets are bustling with life, the harbour is busy with boats of all shapes and sizes. We have the impression that this is where the story begins in earnest, the previous scenes having served, loosely, as a prologue. We close slowly on an office block in Causeway Bay district.

CUT TO:

7 INT BRIAN'S OFFICE/NIGEL'S FLAT DAY/NIGHT

On the inside of a modern, open-plan office we observe fingers drumming on a desk. We pan out to reveal that they are attached to a man in a suit, BRIAN, talking on a phone. BRIAN appears to be trying to be the ruthless type but comes across more as irritable and vaguely incompetent. NIGEL is still sitting at his desk in the flat in which we previously saw him. Their conversation betrays a slight animosity but no more than that.

BRIAN

So do we ever get it, or is it all just a waste of time?

CUT

TO:

NIGEL

It'll happen. I know it will, just be patient. In any case you better be nice to me or I'll find someone else.

TO:

CUT

BRIAN

You forget, I know what you're doing.

TO:

CUT

NIGEL

And you forget that you can't do anything without the magic number or, for that matter, me. I'll phone you in a couple of days... Bye.

NIGEL puts the phone down and turns to ROBERTA, who is standing behind him. She has her hands on her hips and has the air of someone who is expecting a few answers.

ROBERTA

(irritably)

Why do we need him? Can't we just do it ourselves? He's such an asshole.

NIGEL

He is an asshole, but we need an offshore account, we need someone else for insurance in case anything goes wrong, we need someone to organise all the things I know nothing about. In short we need a dodgy accountant on the other side of the world and, as he says, he already knows about it and he's perfect. Anyway, we'd struggle to find someone else from here.

ROBERTA

We could go to Hong Kong ourselves. Or Guam.

NIGEL

We could, but we don't trust him and he doesn't trust us. We all know where we stand and none of us can afford to take chances. That's the best way for this to work. And Guam, by the way, is a type of cheese.

ROBERTA

(slightly thrown by the Guam statement but letting it pass)

How does this work, exactly?

NIGEL

Well, when they built Microtech 19 software (*imitating what is evidently a TV advertisement*) you know, 'we are your future', they put in what is known as a back door. This means that anyone with the code number, the back door if you like, can access any file held by anyone using Microtech 19 software.

Everyone in other words from the local video store to the defence department. Most importantly for our purposes however, the banks.

ROBERTA

And we need Brian why?

NIGEL

Well there's no limit to how much money we can steal, if it works so I thought why not get an accountant who can show us what to do with several million dollars, you know, just help to keep us anonymous. I can't believe we can just walk up to the bank and withdraw half the national debt without arousing any suspicion.

ROBERTA

Mm, I still think he's an asshole.

CUT TO:

8 EXT/INT AIRPORT NIGHT

MICHAEL walks down the steps and off the plane at Kai Tak Airport, Hong Kong. We follow him as he trails quietly into the terminal to be confronted, at the entrance, by a sign bearing the legend, 'Hong Kong '97, 100 days to go!', referring to the hand-over of the territory to China. The contrast between the outside and inside couldn't be greater. A wave of light, heat and sound crashes down upon us. The terminal is swarming with people, all in a hurry, most of them Chinese. We can just hear traditional Chinese music above the hubbub and the unintelligible Cantonese announcements blaring out over the tannoy. MICHAEL looks as though he wants to turn round and get straight back onto the next plane out. Suddenly we are very much aware of the fact that we are in Asia.

CUT TO:

MICHAEL walking out of the airport still looking a bit lost, struggling with suitcases and finally hailing a taxi. He is very much the innocent abroad.

CUT TO:

9 INT TAXI KOWLOON NIGHT

MICHAEL is sitting worrying in the back of the taxi looking around as they drive down Nathan Road approaching Tsim Sha Tsui, the tip of Kowloon, a tourist and ex-pat area. It is a hive of activity, the pavements teeming with people, the neon lights making it look almost like daylight. It is almost as busy as the airport terminal. The colour and the life in these streets make them seem rather overpowering and quite intimidating. The contrasts somehow add to the general confusion; the signs are English and Chinese in equal proportion, the

trappings of both affluence and poverty sit uncomfortably close together, businessmen and beggars, prostitutes and socialites walking more or less side by side up the street.

CUT TO:

10 EXT/INT UNIVERSITY DAY

MICHAEL walks into the university main entrance at HKU. He goes to reception where he is confronted by a young WOMAN.

WOMAN

(with rather more hostility than would appear necessary)

What?

MICHAEL

(nervously)

Ah, er, hello my name's Michael Scott, I'm here to see Dr Lam.

WOMAN

Sit down. Someone'll see you in a minute.

He wanders over to the seating area and sits down. He doesn't look very comfortable and is clearly still ill at ease in his new surroundings. When he speaks he sounds as if he is trying not upset anyone. It is a fairly typical university setting. There are lots of plants, a few students are wandering around, the walls are plastered with posters. MICHAEL just stands there looking unhappy. His eye is caught by a neon sign on the wall which flashes the message, '99 days to go!' After a few seconds a Chinese man, SAM, approaches him with an outstretched hand.

SAM

You must be Michael.

MICHAEL

(smiling hopefully)

I am. Dr Lam, I presume?

SAM

Well, no actually, I'm afraid there's been a bit of a problem. Dr Lam had to resign.

MICHAEL

(with some dismay)

Really? oh, ah, so, so what does that mean? I mean, what do I...

SAM

(interrupting)

Well, I'm afraid we are not now in a position to offer you a teaching post or the accommodation that went with it, you see, Dr Lam had intended to sort things out before you arrived, but, er, well, his time was taken up with other matters. The filthy swine.

MICHAEL

What? Wha...

SAM

(interrupting)

Oh don't worry about the PhD. Everything's sorted out for you there, you can start straight away or you can wait until the beginning of term if you want. That's in about three weeks.

MICHAEL

(starting to panic)

But, but where will I stay? How can I support myself?

SAM

(with a knowing smile)

Why don't you try Chung King Mansions?

CUT TO:

11 EXT/INT TSIM SHA TSUI/CHUNG KING MANSIONS NIGHT

MICHAEL struggles up a very busy Nathan Road being pushed and jostled by the passers-by. The street is brightly lit with the ubiquitous lurid neon and is awash with humanity. It is hot and humid, MICHAEL is sweating profusely. He enters Chung King Mansions weighed down with luggage. The foyer is teeming with people of all colours and creeds, all shapes and sizes. There is, if anything, an even more heavy, intimidating atmosphere than outside and when he tries to stop people to ask directions they either ignore him or are openly hostile. His response to this is not encouraging, he is still dripping with sweat and is almost white with fear. While walking unsteadily along the hallway towards the lifts, he is accosted by all and sundry, trying to sell him watches, timeshares or inviting him to stay in various hostels or eat at certain restaurants. The invitations though delivered by smiling faces all seem to have an air of menace. He finds the queue for the lift, a very long one, and stands waiting, surveying his new home with a look of horror. A near naked beggar holding a bottle of rice wine stands in front of him and howls like a banshee, a few people smile as the beggar and MICHAEL regard each other suspiciously before the beggar howls again and then shuffles off. MICHAEL puts his head in his hands. What in God's name is he doing here? Eventually it is his turn for the lift and he crams in with his suitcases.

CUT TO:

12 INT HOSTEL NIGHT

MICHAEL walks wearily into a large hostel and approaches the reception desk. It is quite a spacious affair, clean and bright, a few of the inmates are wandering around, distinctly laid-back, all wearing tie-dye T-shirts, shorts and sandals. Behind the desk is an old Indian man, WALTER.

WALTER

Where are you from? I don't want any bloody Indians in here.

MICHAEL

(a little startled)
I'm American, actually.

WALTER

Are you sure? You have very dark skin, you could be a Malaysian, bloody devils, always trying to get in here and steal watches.

MICHAEL

I'm absolutely sure, (*hands over his passport*) you see, born in Ohio.

WALTER

I may allow you to stay, are you sure you are not Egyptian?

MICHAEL

No; American.

WALTER

Armenian! I don't want a timeshare thank you.

A girl, JENNIFER, approaches, she is Caucasian and appears bright and friendly.

JENNIFER

Stop giving him a hard time, Walter

WALTER

How do I know where he is from, we could all be murdered in our beds by this mongrel.

JENNIFER

(outraged)
Walter! Give him a bed. (*to MICHAEL*) He's a darling really, he just puts on an act for all the new people, (*putting her arm around WALTER*) But we all love him, don't we Walter?

WALTER

(relenting)
You are all my children. I will give you a room but do not steal a watch, okay?

MICHAEL

Okay.

WALTER

(as JENNIFER walks away)

I think she likes you, you might get a shag there.

MICHAEL

Well, if I could get a room, first. I'd like to pay a week in advance.

WALTER

Of course, you are not really like an Egyptian. *(throws a cloth at a young Indian guy who is sitting asleep on a chair a few yards away from the desk)*
Rashid, you filthy Indian dog, take this gentleman's cases to room 406.

CUT TO:

13 INT HOSTEL NIGHT

RASHID sulkily dumps MICHAEL's cases into room 406, a dormitory about eight feet across and twenty feet long. There are eight beds in it. He looks around and notices a bunk that appears to be free. MICHAEL puts his cases on the bed, sits down and sighs. On the bunk above there is a pile of clothes.

CLOSE-UP OF MICHAEL'S FACE. HE LOOKS AS THOUGH HE HAS HAD ENOUGH.

A hand appears, presumably to be shaken, in front of him from under the pile of clothes.

MICHAEL

(shaking the hand somewhat reluctantly)

Michael

NICK

Nick.

MICHAEL

(grimly)

How long are you in for?

NICK

Life.

NICK jumps down off the bunk, naked, picks up a newspaper from another bunk, which he flicks through as he sits down on the floor.

NICK

Don't suppose you'd fancy a drink, I've had a long day, know what I mean?

CUT TO:

14 INT BAR NIGHT

NICK and MICHAEL sit at the bar drinking pints. It is fairly quiet, spacious and well decorated with a distinctly 'English' feel. Innocuous pop music is playing in the background. Most of the clientele are ex-pats, including the bar staff, all of whom have pub uniforms on. JENNIFER is working behind the bar. NICK looks a bit shifty, which doesn't help MICHAEL who is still a bit wary and diffident in his new surroundings.

JENNIFER

Nicky, you bad boy, I hope Walter doesn't know you're here.

NICK

Yeah, I announced it in a loud voice before I left. 'I'm going to the pub to spend my rent', I said, and he said 'good boy Nicky, have a good time.' (*pause*) So, you looking for work?

MICHAEL

Yeah, maybe not right away, I'm actually here to do a PhD, er, European History, you know?

NICK

(sarcastically)

Yeah, I've heard of that.

JENNIFER

Oh, there's plenty of work if you don't mind what you do. The bars are okay but you won't make a fortune. They're all waiting for 'the job'; some get it some don't. This guy came in to the hostel, real Jack the lad type, was here a few months and landed this brilliant job with a computer software firm, salesman kind of thing. I mean really brilliant, flat in mid-levels, \$40,000 a month, travel, expenses, the lot. A week after he got it he phones the hostel from Beijing and says, 'what's a spreadsheet?' Get the picture?

NICK

I have to go, Ronnie just came in and I owe him a hundred bucks.

Finishes his drink and leaves quickly.

JENNIFER

God he's hopeless, I think he's been here about a year and he's in exactly the same situation he was when he arrived.

MICHAEL

Is it as bad as all that?

JENNIFER

It is if you're Nick, but no, it isn't really, you just have to work hard for not very much money or you have to be lucky, like the spreadsheet guy. And not everyone can be lucky. If you have a profession you have a good chance of finding a decent job. The rest of us just have to wait tables and serve drinks which isn't so bad, really.

A youngish man, RONNIE, sits down next to MICHAEL. He has a bright, breezy disposition and an abundance of charm.

JENNIFER

Hi, Ronnie, this is, I'm sorry, what's...

MICHAEL

Sorry, it's Michael, Mike, mostly.

RONNIE

(effusively, in a strong Irish accent)
How are you Mike? Is that useless git avoiding me?

JENNIFER

Nick?

RONNIE

Who else? He should go back to England and get himself on the dole, he'd be good at that. Give's a pint of Guinness darlin' an' don't have one yourself.

JENNIFER

Don't mind if I don't.

RONNIE

So have you just arrived?

MICHAEL

Is it that obvious?

RONNIE

You have that fresh-faced look about you but don't worry it only takes a day or two to lose it. Think of yourself as a virgin walking towards your first sexual encounter and you can't say 'no' so you might as well lie back and enjoy the ride.

JENNIFER

Ronnie, don't be so ridiculous, Mike's doing a PhD, so he can't be a virgin. I was thinking he might do the sandwich thing, what d'you think? Anything going at Mr Yummy?

RONNIE

Actually there might be. How d'you fancy selling sandwiches to overpaid, pretentious arseholes?

CUT TO:

15 EXT KOWLOON NIGHT

MIKE is strolling through a side street in Tsim Sha Tsui. It is full of colour, with lanterns and fairy lights lining the street. A radio plays an old, scratched recording of Chinese music. A proliferation of little cafes sell Chinese food where one or two people sit drinking tea or eating noodles, an old woman stands burning fake money on a brazier. MIKE stops to look at her for a second before moving on.

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT OF HONG KONG ISLAND

CUT TO:

MIKE is walking along the promenade next to Star Ferry on the Kowloon side. He is still looking rather lost and appears deep in thought. An emaciated beggar approaches him with outstretched hand. MIKE fishes in his pocket for a coin which he hands over. The beggar lurches away. Finally he sits down and sighs and looks up at the city lights. We pan out to leave him looking very small and rather forlorn.

16 INT DORMITORY NIGHT

MIKE is lying on his back in bed staring glassily into space. Two people, a MAN and a WOMAN are lying reading books and talking. We view them on their bunks, which are all against one wall, in profile.

WOMAN

Did you hear there was a magic number?

MAN

(with sudden interest)
No, who's got it?

WOMAN

Someone in Lucky Garden Hostel knows it. That's all I heard. Someone in here must have it by now.

MAN

Go and ask, then.

WOMAN

(sitting up and throwing a pillow at him)
Lazy git, go yourself.

MIKE

What's a magic number?

WOMAN

Well, it's a long number, probably someone's credit card, that acts as a prefix to free telephone calls. They only last a day or so but it's great, free calls home, yippee!

MAN

You can stop using the guest's rooms in the Holiday Inn.

MIKE

Does anyone mind if I switch the light off?

MAN

Nah, go on then, I'm tired anyway.

WOMAN

Is the Highland Thing in its lair?

MIKE

The Highland Thing?

CUT TO:

17 INT BAR NIGHT

A large man, MACINTYRE, stands at the bar in a well-lit, spacious pub. It is full of ex-pats and appears to be the sort of place where men watch football. There are empty glasses and full ashtrays lying around. Two or three people have passed out on their seats; the rest are pretty drunk. He is a somewhat larger than life character with a wild, unkempt but nonetheless, friendly appearance. There is raucous laughter, MACINTYRE, a Scotsman, is clearly holding court.

MACINTYRE

(loudly, to the assembled company)

So I said to her, 'my dear young lady, everyone has stories about me, the trouble is no one wants to be in them.' (*raising his glass and draining his pint to the sound of loud laughter*) And with that dear friends, I will leave you and return to my sumptuous accommodation, otherwise known as Room 406.

CUT TO:

18 INT DORM NIGHT

All is quiet, save perhaps a snore or two, the room is dark. A key is heard in the door, which then swings open to reveal the silhouette of MACINTYRE. He lurches forward trips over something and roars...

MACINTYRE

Penelope, someone has moved the furniture, the servants must have been at the gin.

He crashes onto a bunk, the door swings slowly shut and all is as it was before he came in.

CUT TO:

19 EXT/INT CENTRAL DAY

RONNIE and MIKE are walking in Lan Kwai Fong area. There are lots of cafes, pubs etc and could almost be mistaken for a side street in a European city. It is fairly busy, people are going to work. One or two suits are hovering round a coffee stand, smoking cigarettes. A beggar approaches them looking for change. One of the suits blows smoke in his face to the great amusement of the others. We follow RONNIE and MIKE to the entrance to an office building.

CUT TO:

RONNIE and MIKE walk into a large kitchen where two men, SANDY and ROB, are working, one preparing sandwiches, one wrapping them in Mr Yummy paper. They are both wearing the ubiquitous tie-dye T-shirts underneath aprons and are rather uncomfortably dirty and untidy given the nature of their employment. SANDY drops a piece of ham on the floor, picks it up, wipes it on his apron and introduces it to a sandwich. He looks up and smiles as RONNIE walks in with MIKE trailing along unhappily behind.

RONNIE

Mike, this is Sandy and Rob.

SANDY

Thank God, can you work, er, Mike, did you say? Michelle didn't turn up, I think she's packed it in.

RONNIE

What's wrong with her?

SANDY

Mr Diplomatic here called her a useless, fat bitch and accused her of eating all the sandwiches.

MIKE

I'm not doing anything else so I suppose I could.

ROB

Do you know Causeway Bay?

MIKE

Where's that?

ROB

(dismissively)

Jesus, we might as well eat them now.

SANDY

(trying to counteract ROB's unfriendliness)

Okay, er, Mike, is it? I'll give you the addresses and you can do your best, most of the stuff goes in three or four buildings so you should manage.

CUT TO:

20 INT OFFICE DAY

MIKE is holding a large green holdall packed with wrapped up sandwiches, cakes, fruit salads etc. The office is about fifty yards long with cubicles on either side where people are working at computer consoles. MIKE is walking slowly along asking quietly if anyone would like a sandwich. They all seem to be completely ignoring him until he comes to a cubicle where there are about eight people. They come at him from all angles, grabbing sandwiches out of the bag, mostly without asking. He just stands gaping at them for a second seemingly a bit stunned by the sudden burst of activity but manages to hand over orders and change while they are variously asking for cheese and ham, chicken salad etc. It is all a bit chaotic. Finally he sorts it out, picks up his bag and moves further down the office. He is walking past a cubicle when BRIAN calls out to him.

BRIAN
Are you Mr Yummy?

MIKE
I suppose so.

BRIAN
Are you the ones with the nice bread?

An unseen VOICE speaks from behind a cubicle somewhere closeby.

VOICE
What d'you expect him to say to that? No, no that's not us that's some other bloke, our bread is old and stale, often our bread is actually mouldy, in fact, we make a point of using only rancid, festering...

BRIAN
(interrupting in an irritated tone)
Alright, alright. Give me a chicken salad.

MIKE
(*handing him a sandwich*)
That'll be thirty-five dollars, please.

VOICE
Thirty-five dollars! Thirty-five dollars! For thirty-five dollars I could buy a field in China, grow wheat in it, hire a squad of Belgian labourers to harvest it, build my own baker's shop, rear some chickens, buy an entire vegetable stall and still have money left over for a...

As he is speaking MIKE pockets BRIAN's money and looks over the side of the cubicle from whence the VOICE emanates.

MIKE
(*interrupting*)
D'you want a sandwich?

VOICE
Er, yeah go on then, I'll have the cheese and pickle.

CUT TO:

21 INT KITCHEN DAY

RONNIE, ROB and SANDY are sitting with their feet up on a table eating sandwiches as MIKE walks in and puts the bag down on the table. He seems relieved.

Well?
ROB

I've got three left.
MIKE

(to ROB)
SANDY
You owe me twenty. They had no faith in you, Mike. Three left is good though. You can keep them if you want.

Well, done, Mike. Any problems?
RONNIE

Some of them are a bit rude, aren't they? It wasn't too bad finding my way around though.
MIKE

Coming back tomorrow?
ROB

Yeah, I can hardly wait.
MIKE

Good man. We'll pay you at the end of the week, okay?
SANDY

What, you mean I get paid aswell?
MIKE

(smiling)
SANDY
See you tomorrow, then.

Going back to the dorm, Mike?
RONNIE

Yeah.
MIKE

They walk out.

ROB

(sneering)

PhD in Enlightenment history, they come over here thinking they're God's gift to Enlightenment history and they end up selling sandwiches. Waste of bloody space.

CUT TO:

22 INT DORM DAY

MIKE walks into the dorm and sits down on his bunk, heaving a sigh of relief. The only other person in the dorm is MACINTYRE, the 'Highland Thing', who is lying in his bunk, groaning as though he is in some pain. MIKE seems to be a little more enthusiastic about life if not exactly full of the joys of spring. MACINTYRE, on the other hand is evidently a little hung over.

MACINTYRE

(very dramatically)

Dear God, I am ill, ill I tell you, afflicted beyond the redemption of medical science, a new and potentially lethal strain of hangover has evolved, the super-hangover. The infamous grouse. And what (*at this point he begins to rake through the detritus lying at the side of his bunk; money, cigarettes, pieces of paper, finally coming up with a Rennie*) do we have in the form of restoratives? (*now with a hint of dread and even more drama*) A miserable Rennie. Look at it! Look at the Rennie! (*with feigned horror*) My God, the hangover's laughing at it, it's laughing I tell you! (*looking up and acknowledging MIKE, now in a normal voice*). Are you the new boy?

MIKE

(smiling)

I suppose I am. How are you, I'm Mike.

MACINTYRE

(getting out of bed to shake hands, he looks awful and is wearing only a dreadful pair of underpants)
Cavendish MacIntyre at your service. What brings you to these parts, Mike?

MIKE

Well, I came over to do a PhD at Hong Kong University. I, er...

MACINTYRE

(interrupting)

A noble pursuit. In what field of academic endeavour are you involved? (*without waiting for an answer*) I myself was persuaded into reading the classics; ruminating over the dilemmas of sundry distressed Greeks. (*with a*

dramatic gesture) Agamemnon. I had no sympathy for the bugger. Deserved everything he got. So what's your poison?

MIKE

Enlightenment history.

MACINTYRE

(spotting the wrapped-up sandwiches)
Those aren't Mr Yummy sandwiches are they?

MIKE

Yeah, d'you want one?

MACINTYRE

Indeed I do, what do you have, I'm inclining towards roast beef?

MIKE

I think there is one actually.

MACINTYRE

A triumph. The day has begun well. A moment if you please, however, yesterday's Guinness is beginning to stir.

MACINTYRE heads for the door.

CUT TO:

23 EXT PARK DAY

LONG SHOT OF KOWLOON PARK

We can just make out MACINTYRE and MIKE sitting on a bench. They face a dirty pond with some dirty flamingos standing around in it looking sorry for themselves. It is fairly quiet with only a few people dotted about. A number of down-and-outs are scattered around too, either sleeping on benches or raking through dustbins. It is, however, a pleasant day, the warm breeze and lush foliage making us forget for a moment the horrors of Nathan Road. A young mother ambles along with a child licking daintily at an ice cream. Out of nowhere an older child on a skate board shoots past them, snatching the ice cream from the child's hand. The child begins to cry. We aren't that far from Nathan Road.

CUT TO:

MIKE and MACINTYRE sitting on the bench facing the pond, oblivious to the tragedy unfolding behind them, looking into the camera. They are eating their sandwiches and regarding the flamingos.

MIKE

Look at those birds, (*focus briefly on a sad-looking flamingo*) they look ill. You'd think they would look after them.

MACINTYRE

(glancing round at a down and out foraging in a dustbin closeby)
I'm only surprised someone hasn't eaten them. (*pause*) So, when do you start?

MIKE

Well I could've started straight away but I was able to leave it a couple of weeks if I wanted so I thought I'd just wait and get my bearings. Actually I need to get some reasonably well paid work. I have something of a grant but it doesn't go far in Hong Kong, as you might imagine.

MACINTYRE

I might be able to get you into the school where I work. It isn't Eton but it's better than hawking carbohydrates to brain dead office lackeys. Better money at any rate. And a considerably more receptive and appreciative clientele.

A pretty, sexy Chinese girl walks past.

That's the sort of clientele we like.

MIKE

What do you teach? Apart from girls.

MACINTYRE

English, mostly. Sometimes French, occasionally Geography.

MIKE

How can you teach all that?

MACINTYRE

I tell lies. Hong Kong, you'll find, is conducive to truth bending. All you need is a few fake certificates and a brass neck, often not even that. It's a dodgy school, private, you know the sort of thing. I've got a class this afternoon, I'll introduce you to the branch manager.

CUT TO:

24 INT SCHOOL DAY

MIKE and MACINTYRE stand in the reception area of a foreign language school. It is a rather scruffy affair; dirty carpet, papers strewn around, miserable, wary-looking office staff. There are a number of doors to classrooms off to either side of the reception. One of the staff

is scrubbing some graffiti off a door although we can still see the letters 'fu'. MACINTYRE is sitting watching a seemingly endless stream of attractive, young female students while talking to the receptionist, CREAMY, who has been eyeing MACINTYRE with deep suspicion. CREAMY is not an unattractive proposition herself, but has a tough rather prickly attitude. MIKE is standing by shuffling his feet and doesn't seem too happy about this being a prospective place of employment.

MACINTYRE

Now then Creamy my dear.

CREAMY

You are a bad man.

MACINTYRE

And why is that my adorable little dairy product?

CREAMY

You want to go with all the girls.

MACINTYRE

Oh, something of an exaggeration, surely. In any case allow me to introduce you to Mike. Mike needs a job.

CREAMY

You are English?

MACINTYRE

(before MIKE can say anything)
Oh yes he's English alright.

CREAMY

Good. You want to work?

MIKE

Well...

MACINTYRE

(interrupting)
What about that guy Robson or Roberts or whatever, didn't he leave last week?

CREAMY

Robinson gone.

MACINTYRE

I know, why don't you give his classes to Mike here, my little pastry filling?

CREAMY

Only two left. You want to teach on Tuesday at five, (*flicks through a diary*)
Thursday at six. You want?

MACINTYRE

What are the classes?

CREAMY

English for the secretaries, and conversation.

MACINTYRE

English for secretaries is a class to die for. You'd be a fool to refuse it,
Robinson was crying last week when he left.

MIKE shrugs his shoulders a little as if to say I suppose so but still seems a bit uncomfortable about everything.

CUT TO:

25 INT OFFICE DAY

BRIAN is on the phone in his cubicle. The irritating VOICE, as ever, is unseen.

BRIAN

Can I speak to Delia please?

VOICE

You haven't got a girlfriend, I bet that's the speaking clock. You can't have a
girlfriend with a jacket like that. You look like a sad gay man...

BRIAN

Delia? Yes it's me... (*pause*) I'll meet you outside the lifts then...

VOICE

(overlapping)

Outside the toilets more like with a jacket like that.

BRIAN

Bye then... bye.

BRIAN picks up a briefcase and walks over to the VOICE's cubicle. He has a mean look on his face and leans over the side and grabs at the him. We see him pulling a tie above the height of the cubicle and hear a choking sound.

I want you to die. You know that?

He releases him and walks out of the office.

CUT TO:

26 INT FOYER DAY

BRIAN is waiting outside the lifts in the foyer of a smart, clean office building. He is smoking and watching people come out of the lifts as they leave work.

CUT TO:

27 INT OFFICE DAY

Back in BRIAN's office we focus on BRIAN's empty cubicle and hear the VOICE. He is on the telephone.

VOICE

...Yes that's right. The lifts in front of Alexandra House. I'll be wearing a brown suit and just waiting but don't do anything until I greet my girlfriend. D'you have anything in the furry animals line ... a rabbit... perfect.

CUT TO:

28 INT FOYER DAY

BRIAN is still waiting outside the lifts. A large RABBIT keeps looking round a corner. He and BRIAN eye each other suspiciously. A moment or two on, a beautiful young woman, obviously DELIA, steps out of the lift. She has a confident air, not unlike ROBERTA but there is, somehow, a little softness too. She joins BRIAN and the RABBIT immediately runs up to them and goes down on one knee.

RABBIT

Oh, Delia, I love you,
I've loved you all my life.
I'd be the happiest man in the world
If only you'd be my wife.

RABBIT stands up and presents a red rose to DELIA.

DELIA

(flatly to BRIAN)
No.

They both walk off leaving the RABBIT standing where he is.

BRIAN

(voice trailing off)

You don't seriously think... I'll kill him I swear it. Delia, I wouldn't do a thing like that.

DELIA

(overlapping)

You wouldn't mind though would you? Well if you get your hands on the magic number I'll let you do it to me.

BRIAN

Soon, Delia, soon.

DELIA

Well the sooner you get it, the sooner you get me.

BRIAN

Delia, you make it sound so clinical, it's practically prostitution.

DELIA

Oh, don't be such an asshole, Brian, this is Hong Kong, everyone's a prostitute. It's just a question of who you screw and how much you can charge. *(pause)* And anyway, how d'you know it's going to happen, all this, I mean, don't these people have protection from this kind of thing?

CUT TO:

29 EXT DOORSTEP DAY

Two slick, sinister-looking men, the TWO ASSASSINS, stand on the doorstep of a house in a middle class suburban street in America. It is a bright sunny day, birds are singing in the trees, a neighbour is mowing his lawn, it is almost too perfect. A man answers the door. He is wearing scruffy, comfortable old clothes and looks relaxed for a second or two before apparently realising who the men are. Now he is worried.

MAN

I told them, I haven't...

The TWO ASSASSINS immediately bundle him into the house, pressing a gun to his temple in the process.

1ST ASSASSIN

(forcing their way into a living room and throwing him to the floor)

We don't care whether you have or whether you haven't.

CUT TO:

30 INT CLASSROOM DAY

MACINTYRE is smiling lasciviously. He is standing in front of a large class of mostly young Chinese women. The classroom is a bit dilapidated; graffiti on the walls, paint peeling off the ceiling, scruffy old ink-stained desks and chairs. MACINTYRE is holding a textbook and turns to write on the whiteboard as he is talking. He has a lively, demonstrative manner.

MACINTYRE

Alright, my ladies, industry standards is a term used to describe the acceptable level of performance of a service or a product. Understand? *(There is complete silence. He continues)* Alright, business A *(writing 'Business A' on the board as he talks)* makes what? Anyone?

STUDENT

(with resignation)
Bananas.

MACINTYRE

Correct. Now this is an industry standard banana. *(drawing a picture of a banana underneath the letter A)* This banana, however *(drawing a picture of a banana without a bend in it)* does not meet the required industry standards. It is a reject. *(he writes the word 'no' beside the defective banana and the word 'yes' beside the good banana)*. Understand?

The students all say yes although rather reluctantly.

Flossie, Fifi and Camille, do you girls understand?

Three girls at the back of the class giggle and say yes.

Alright, minimum requirements, what does that mean?

Silence.

Well, very similar in meaning to the last one. Now business A makes what?

He writes the letter A on the board. The students all say 'bananas'.

Correct. Now, when constructing a banana; the minimum requirements would be... what?

1ST STUDENT

Yellow.

MACINTYRE

Good. What else?

2ND STUDENT

Bendy.

MACINTYRE

Excellent. A straight banana, would set a dangerous precedent, the banana would lose its appeal. Besides having a pleasant taste, the banana is a very amusing fruit, featuring prominently in the humour of many cultures around the world. Without it's bend it ceases to be quite so hilarious. It's popularity thus diminished, the banana industry goes into decline, economies collapse, military coups and power struggles ensue, the superpowers become involved and world war three begins. Understand?

CUT TO:

31 INT LIVING ROOM DAY

A loud bang rings out back in the living room as the 2ND ASSASSIN shoots an empty beer can off the head of the, now very nervous, MAN. The 1ST ASSASSIN sits on a settee watching. There are a few paint pots and brushes lying around, we are redecorating.

1ST ASSASSIN

So, doing a spot of redecorating are we?

MAN

Look, no one knows the number except me, I...

1ST ASSASSIN

(interrupting)

No, no you don't understand, you tell us everything, right now. You stole something that doesn't belong to you, now what I want you to do is to go on with the redecorating, are you painting just now?

MAN

(very uncomfortably, stuttering a bit)

Yeah, yeah I am.

1ST ASSASSIN

Alright, paint the room according to what's going through your head as we point guns at it, your head that is. If we like it you win a holiday for four in the Azores, but if we don't like it, well, we shoot you in the head. (*trying to get him to enjoy himself*) Come on, it'll be fun.

The MAN looks horrified, but reluctantly picks up a paintbrush and can of paint.

2ND ASSASSIN

This is like that TV show. I like this.

CUT TO:

32 INT CLASSROOM DAY

Back in the classroom there is a rather stunned silence as the students all look blankly at MACINTYRE.

MACINTYRE

(smiling broadly)

Alright, my ladies, I've had enough of this (*throws the textbook over his shoulder*) let's play a game.

This is greeted with considerable approval and excited laughter.

CUT TO:

33 INT LIVING ROOM DAY

Back in the living room, the ashen-faced MAN is painting a wall. The 2ND ASSASSIN suddenly walks menacingly towards him.

2ND ASSASSIN

I don't like this colour, I'm going to shoot him.

MAN

(desperately)

I think I've got some yellow.

1ST ASSASSIN

No, I think he's right, (*pause*) well, you've missed out on the family holiday. (*ominously*) Now you're in trouble.

MAN

(even more desperately)

Alright, look, one person knows about it, he doesn't know what the number is but he knows it exists and that's it, I mean why would I tell someone else and risk him doing something which screws it all up for me, it doesn't make sense.

1ST ASSASSIN

Name.

MAN

Nigel, Nigel Conrad.

1ST ASSASSIN

Does he work for the company?

MAN

No he, he's just a friend.

CUT TO:

34 INT CLASSROOM DAY

MIKE is in a similar classroom next to MACINTYRE teaching a similar group. He is sitting behind a desk staring into a textbook. During the scene we hear laughter and sounds of jollity from the next room. This class is a more muted affair.

MIKE

(struggling)

Okay, er, so, so who can tell me what conservation means?

He faces a wall of blank expressions.

Well, it sort of means to try to stop things from being damaged or badly treated, in some respects it just means preventing change. A conservatory, for example...

STUDENT

We understand.

MIKE

Do you? Oh, good, good. Ah, alright what's next here...

The students are yawning and looking at their watches. Meanwhile the laughter continues from the next room.

CUT TO:

35 INT LIVING ROOM DAY

Things aren't looking too good for the decorator. Both ASSASSINS are now standing glaring at him.

1ST ASSASSIN

(shouting angrily)

You should never use pastel shades in a room with a lot of natural light.

2ND ASSASSIN

(also shouting and waving a gun in his face)

You should never do that.

MAN

There's no one else, I swear to God...

There is a slight pause as the ASSASSINS step back and seem to calm down a little. 1ST ASSASSIN picks up a folder from a coffee table. On the front is the title, 'Microtech 19. We are your future.' We focus briefly on this.

1ST ASSASSIN

Well, I don't like the colours, you have failed to use long even brush strokes and those curtains would frighten Liberace. Remember, 'We are your future.' And you, my friend, are our past. (*Turning to 2ND ASSASSIN*) Maestro.

The 2ND ASSASSIN shoots the MAN in the head at point blank range, plastering the wall with blood.

1ST ASSASSIN

This would make great television.

2ND ASSASSIN

(looking at the blood on the wall)

That's the colour he should've used.

CUT TO:

36 EXT/INT TIMES SQUARE NIGHT

LONG SHOT OF TIMES SQUARE.

A screen at the front of the building flashes the words, '90 days to go'. A little man in rags holding a bottle of spirits stands vacantly staring up at the flickering neon images.

CUT TO:

MACINTYRE and MIKE are on the top floor of the shopping mall inside Times Square. It is a circular arrangement with galleries looking down into a foyer. They begin to walk round as they talk. A few shoppers wander past or stand gazing into shop windows. MIKE's demeanour suggests that for the first time he is getting to grips with his surroundings, standing a little straighter, talking with a little more confidence.

MACINTYRE

You see it's much better money to teach privately. That's where I make most of my money. I only keep the school on to poach the students.

CUT TO:

37 EXT KOWLOON NIGHT

MIKE and MACINTYRE are walking along the promenade in front of the harbour on the Kowloon side. A jolly group of people are getting off one of the harbour cruise boats, stepping unsteadily on to the promenade. Some are carrying bottles of wine. They are all laughing and joking with each other. MIKE and MACINTYRE walk past them. Initial shot is from behind *but* we pan round as they pass the revellers so that they are now walking towards the camera, the revellers receding into the background. The city lights seem to reflect the feeling of hope, the promise of success espoused by MACINTYRE, cautiously aspired to by MIKE.

MIKE

It's kind of a fun place Hong Kong, isn't it. I mean, there is a definite vibrancy.

MACINTYRE

It is said that in Hong Kong anything is possible. Look at it. (*he indicates the city lights with a sweeping gesture*) I never get tired of it. I never get tired of dreaming of dinner at the Conrad and an apartment on the Peak, weekend parties in Discovery Bay, beautiful firm young Hong Kong chicks who judge men only by the colour of their credit cards. This is the magic of Hong Kong, the promise, the dream that's only ever just out of reach. It gives the impression that tomorrow it can all be yours, tomorrow you'll make it big. And some people do. I mean look at this place, it's fabulous, it reeks of money but it also reeks of opportunity. This whole place was built up by the initiative of the people who live here. Not natural resources but ingenuity. There are few other places in the world that could make that boast, if any.

MIKE

It's unforgiving though, a place like this, surely? I mean if you're not clever or resourceful or even all that ambitious, what then?

MACINTYRE

Well, then you settle for what you can get, just because opportunity is there doesn't mean that everyone can take it, it means that if you want it badly enough or even if you just happen to be lucky enough, it's all out there. Why shouldn't it be me? Or you?

MIKE

I guess you're right. I'm not sure if it's me though. I mean I am beginning to like it, this, this vibrancy, this promise, whatever it is, it's definitely very seductive...

MACINTYRE

(interrupting)

Infectious is the word for which you grasp. It's a disease, an addiction. Get rich it says, come and join the party, feel the buzz, what've you got to lose?

MIKE

(only half joking)

Your soul?

MACINTYRE

Nonsense, what's wrong with wanting to get on in life, to be successful. It's not illegal. Good God, man it's practically compulsory in this town. *(there is a pause as they continue to walk, going past a down-and-out lying stretched out on the ground, completely ignored by MACINTYRE and a couple of passers-by but not by MIKE who looks down at him and seems only too aware that this is the rather less pleasant side of all that MACINTYRE has just been talking about)* I feel in excellent spirits this evening. Spirits so good in fact that if one were to tie a balloon to them one might well consider them to be a jamboree. O'Rourke's is just round the corner, I don't suppose you'd be prepared to join me in a light beverage.

CUT TO:

38 INT BAR NIGHT

MACINTYRE and MIKE are sitting at the bar in an Irish pub. The place is fairly busy, with a distinctly up-market feel, pictures of Oscar Wilde, James Joyce, et al adorn the walls, the clientele are mostly office staff on the Friday evening after work drink.

MACINTYRE

(taking a sip of Guinness and looking up at the pictures)

Well, this is good, isn't it? Wilde would have approved. *(pause)* We should meet some girls. The right kind of girls. Girls with apartments.

MIKE

Wilde wouldn't have approved of that.

MACINTYRE smiles. A GIRL walks up to the bar. She is the expat type, English, sophisticated and chic, reeking of money. It's hard to imagine her being attracted to MACINTYRE although he is apparently oblivious to this. MIKE looks uncomfortable.

MACINTYRE

Excuse me young lady, I wonder if you could help my friend here. He's having a fit, which can only be alleviated by the laying on of hands by a beautiful woman.

GIRL

He doesn't look like he's having a fit.

MACINTYRE

Ah, well, you see it's a very unusual condition, which involves only one long, silent spasm rather than the normal convulsions, foaming at the mouth etc. The drawback, of course, is that we're never sure if he's having a life-threatening apoplectic attack or just a quiet moment to himself.

GIRL

I wouldn't lay my hands on either of you if you were gold-plated.

GIRL walks away.

MIKE

That went well.

MACINTYRE

(entirely unmoved)

Not to worry, the good thing about Hong Kong is that there are plenty more where she came from. She was filthy anyway.

MIKE

(confused)

Filth?

MACINTYRE

(by way of explanation)

Failed in London try Hong Kong. (*pause, as he looks around the bar*) Look here comes Creamy, and a friend. Cheesy, no doubt.

CREAMY and friend come up to the bar and stand beside MIKE and MACINTYRE. Friend is Chinese, predictably, svelte and beautiful.

CREAMY

MacIntyre you are a very bad man, looking at all the girls.

MACINTYRE

I only have eyes for you now my little whipped delight.

CREAMY gives him a long hard stare.

CREAMY

You are patronising bastard.

MACINTYRE

Now, now Creamy.

CREAMY

You can buy us a drink.

MACINTYRE

Is it still happy hour?

MIKE

I think it is.

MACINTYRE

Then I'd be delighted, angel delighted. Let's get a seat away from all these suits and ties.

CUT TO:

39 EXT STREET DAY

A man in a suit, ELGIN, is walking up a busy street in Central. A confident-looking businessman, he is walking with purpose. As he does so he approaches a weary-looking MIKE who has the sandwich bag slung over his shoulder, then a rather annoyed-looking MIKE as he is pushed out of the way by the earnest ELGIN.

CUT TO:

40 INT OFFICE DAY

CLOSE-UP OF DELIA STARING STRAIGHT INTO THE CAMERA, A DETERMINED LOOK ON HER FACE

DELIA is sitting behind a desk in a smart private office facing the businessman, ELGIN. He is the very model of the slick salesman. They are staring intently at each other.

DELIA

Mr Elgin, tell me why I should buy your office supplies?

ELGIN

Quite simply because they are the best available. Our stationery is second to none. It is greener than a Welsh valley, classier than a '59 Dom Perignon, more reliable than a Rolls Royce engine. This stationery will improve your golf handicap, help you lose weight, earn you money. It will raise your IQ, tell jokes, redecorate your apartment and, afterwards, make your dinner. These office supplies are sexy, in short, if treated correctly, they will provide orgasms.

DELIA

(standing up and walking round to his side of the desk in a provocative manner)
Mr Elgin, do you want to know what would make me very wet right now?

ELGIN

(compromised somewhat)
No.

DELIA

A roast beef sandwich. And do you know what gives me orgasms?

ELGIN

(more in hope than expectation)
Stationery salesmen?

DELIA

No Mr Elgin, what I really want is a man who can quote Voltaire and Rousseau. You see, I love roast beef sandwiches and the French Enlightenment, you offer me a plastic pen, I need a baguette.

ELGIN

But if you looked...

DELIA

(interrupting)
No Elgin, I won't look, leave, leave now, or I shall summon the constable. Go. She shoos him out the door. As he is leaving, she spies Mr Yummy, MIKE, at the other side of the office. He is looking round vacantly and then leaving.

CUT TO:

41 EXT STREET DAY

MIKE and ELGIN leave the building together ELGIN managing to push him out of the way for a second time before disappearing off into the crowded street. We follow MIKE as he continues to walk wearily up the street with green bag. As he walks DELIA then comes out of the building and proceeds to march towards him.

DELIA

(loudly and sternly)
Mr Yummy.

MIKE pretends not to hear and walks faster. DELIA starts to run after him shouting 'Mr Yummy'. Eventually as she catches up with him he stops and reluctantly turns round.

DELIA

Mr Yummy?

MIKE

Yes?

DELIA

(firmly)
Well, now that I've got your attention. (*pause*) Do you have any roast beef sandwiches left.

MIKE

(very reluctantly)
I've one left. Roast beef as it so happens.

DELIA

Is it your last one?

MIKE

Yes.

DELIA

Were you going to have it?

MIKE

Yes.

DELIA

Well, I tell you what. I'll pay for it and we can share it. What do you think?

MIKE

(cautiously)
Okay.

MIKE takes the sandwich out of his bag and pulls it in half. They sit down on a wall by the side of the street and begin to eat. Opposite them, in a shop window, a sign blinks out the message, '85 days to go'. We focus briefly on this and then back to MIKE and DELIA. There is a slight pause as they look at each other and smile.

MIKE

My name's not Mr Yummy, by the way.

DELIA

(extending a hand which is shaken by MIKE)

Delia.

MIKE

Mike.

DELIA

So what do you do apart from selling sandwiches?

MIKE

I'm an actor and I'm writing a screenplay.

DELIA

(grimacing, as if to say, 'oh God not another one')

Really?

MIKE

No, not really, I'm doing a PhD. Enlightenment history. Rousseau, Burns, Mozart, that sort of thing. It's not very interesting, I don't suppose.

DELIA

(now with genuine excitement)

Well I think it's terribly exciting. I saw *Dangerous Liaisons* four times.

MIKE

Well I don't know if exciting's the word exactly.

DELIA

I think it's sexy.

MIKE

Well, it has its sexy moments I guess.

DELIA

Don't you find it sexy? Don't you just wish you could've been part of all that decadence?

MIKE

Ah, er, I think so, you know, sometimes.

They look at each other and smile. There is a slight pause.

DELIA

Would you like to go out for a drink sometime?

MIKE

(shyly)

I guess so.

DELIA

(with a rather alarming confidence)

Good, I'll meet you tonight in front of Alexandra House at eight o'clock, okay?

MIKE

Er, yeah, okay, I guess.

DELIA

Okay. (gets up to leave and speaks next as she is walking away) Eight o'clock don't forget.

CUT TO:

42 EXT WALKWAY DAY

MIKE is running along an overhead walkway. He is obviously in buoyant mood and stops to give a coin to a busker who turns out to be RONNIE and is delivering a terrible, screeching rendition of, 'Can't Buy Me Love'. As he does this they are confronted rather abruptly by MACINTYRE. RONNIE stops playing.

MACINTYRE

(talking to MIKE referring to RONNIE)

You'll never get rich if you keep giving your money to these filthy buggers.

RONNIE

(annoyed)

Excuse me.

MACINTYRE

You're adoring public don't seem very enthusiastic about the Beatles

MIKE

So, how're you doing?

RONNIE

I'm down fifty bucks.

MIKE

What?

RONNIE

I'm sort of an anti-busker, the money in the hat's mine and if they really hate me they can take some.

MACINTYRE

(turning to MIKE)

So, what're you looking so pleased about?

CUT TO:

43 INT/EXT CAFE NIGHT

DELIA and MIKE are sitting on a terrace just outside a small cafe, prettily lit with fairy lights hanging from trees standing above the terrace. It is quiet and romantic, reasonably low-key at least by Hong Kong standards. DELIA looks very chic and sexy, taking a sip from a glass of wine and leaning back in her chair arching her body with a feline sensuality. MIKE is staring

at her, half in awe, half scared. There is soft, cool music playing in the background.

DELIA

(now leaning forward, in a tone of childlike curiosity)
...I think it's fascinating. Tell me something profound.

MIKE

(clearing his throat in mock authority)
Er, ahm, okay. Are you ready?

DELIA

(breathlessly)
I'm breathless.

MIKE

'Man was born free, and everywhere he is in chains', Rousseau.

DELIA

(genuinely delighted)
Wonderful. Now say something romantic.

MIKE

(thinking for a second)
'Never pain to tell thy love,
Love that never told can be;
For the gentle wind does move
Silently, invisibly.'
That was Blake.

DELIA

(clapping her hands, again in an almost childlike way)
Isn't Blake lovely. (*pause*) It's one of those balmy evening isn't it? What do people do on balmy evenings? Do they fly kites, or do they just sit around and eat exotic fruits and gaze enigmatically at the clouds?

MIKE

(warming up a bit)
Some people apparently become so light-headed they just float up into the sky. Scientists have proved it.

DELIA

Have they? They're so clever nowadays. What do they do about getting back down?

MIKE

Oh, they just have to wait for the next shower.

DELIA leans into him and kisses him passionately. When she is finished MIKE seems rather stunned. He focuses on a woman who sits down at the next table with a multi-coloured cocktail.

MIKE

(nervously)

What an unusual drink.

DELIA

We should have one. I should think it's rather like drinking a rainbow.

MIKE

(still a bit nervous)

Would you like to go somewhere else, get a coffee, or something...

DELIA

Right now I have no interest in coffee.

We pan out leaving them sitting at the table, MIKE staring straight ahead still with a slightly worried look, DELIA in profile, looking at MIKE, a playful sort of a look on her face.

CUT TO:

44 INT APARTMENT NIGHT

We are in a large, semi-dark bedroom. DELIA and MIKE stand and gaze at each other. MIKE looks as if he is going to say something but DELIA puts her finger to his lips. They begin to kiss, softly, lovingly, increasingly passionately. DELIA pushes MIKE gently back onto the bed and begins to remove her clothes, slowly, tantalisingly. When she is down to her underwear she lies down on top of him and they begin to kiss and caress each other.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later. MIKE and DELIA are lying in bed facing each other, sweaty and dishevelled, evidently having just made love. A little neon steals in from the street outside giving the room a pale, moonlit, romantic appearance.

DELIA

(stroking him affectionately)

So tomorrow I want you to come to me last and save me a roast beef salad baguette with English mustard.

MIKE

Why do I suspect that there is more to you than meets the eye?

DELIA

(thoughtfully)

If you could go anywhere in the world where would you live, how would you live?

MIKE

I think Italy or France, a chateau in the countryside, a wine cellar, lots of books and a horse.

DELIA

A horse. You might look quite good on a horse. I've decided. You can have a horse.

MIKE

(somewhat bemused)

Thanks.

DELIA finds a cigarette by the side of the bed and lights it. She lies back facing the ceiling and blows smoke into the air.

DELIA

Wouldn't it be wonderful to be stinking rich. Never to have to worry about money, don't you think?

MIKE

What are you going to do? Rob a bank?

DELIA

I would if I could get away with it. Anyway, I've decided I'm going to be rich, one way or another.

MIKE

Mm, I don't think anyone really gets away with it, life has a funny way of making us pay for our sins, one way or another.

DELIA

Oh, fiddlesticks, if you could steal millions from a bank or something and have no chance of getting caught and it didn't hurt anyone wouldn't you do it?

MIKE

I guess I might but I'm sure I'd regret somewhere along the line.

DELIA

Well I wouldn't.

MIKE

I bet you would.

DELIA

(smiling)

I bet you a million dollars I wouldn't.

CUT TO:

45 INT DORM DAY

MACINTYRE and MIKE are sitting on their bunks. MACINTYRE is looking through a pile of wrapped up sandwiches, carefully scrutinising them. MIKE is eating one. He seems, not surprisingly, to be rather enjoying his food today.

MACINTYRE

I have news my dear boy, excellent... What's this? Good God, man! Brie, apple and vole? This is an outrage, you foul and monstrous...

MIKE

Walnut. Brie, apple and walnut. No vole.

MACINTYRE

(examining the label on the sandwich)

Well it bloody looks like vole.

MIKE

Well it isn't, what about this flat then?

MACINTYRE

We can move in right away. We are now mid-levels residents, revelling in our improved status.

MIKE

Good. I've managed to get three students to defect this week.

MACINTYRE

We can have all the private students we like. Riches await my lad, riches beyond the dreams of avarice. (*with drama and the now customary sweeping gesture*) 'There is a tide in the affairs of men, which, taken at the flood, leads on to fortune.'

CUT TO:

46 INT DELIA'S OFFICE/BRIAN'S OFFICE DAY

DELIA is sitting in her office with her legs on the desk. She is alone and talking on the phone to BRIAN who is also in his office. We cut to and from each one as they speak. DELIA is back in ruthless mode. BRIAN is irritable.

BRIAN

I can't make the guy get it, Delia, I know it's frustrating but as soon as he gets it we can do whatever we want, we just have to be patient.

CUT TO:

DELIA

Are you sure this thing works?

CUT TO:

BRIAN

How can I know that until he finds it? At least we know it exists.

CUT TO:

DELIA

My secretary knows that a size 10 dress exists (*focus briefly on a fat SECRETARY eating a sandwich through the glass front of her office*) but she's never going to have one.

CUT TO:

BRIAN

(snappily)

There's no point in getting worked up about this...

CUT TO:

DELIA

(interrupting)

Well, anyway, I can't come to your little accountant's orgy on Sunday, I'm going to be busy.

CUT TO:

BRIAN

You're just getting angry, now, Delia. Anyway it's not an orgy, it's...

CUT TO:

DELIA

(interrupting and becoming irritated)

I know it's not an orgy, good grief, Brian, they faint if you ask for more than one drink. I have to go for lunch.

DELIA puts the phone down and stands up and walks to the door of her office. She pokes her head round the door and looks at the SECRETARY who still has her mouth full of sandwich.

Has the sandwich man been yet?

SECRETARY points to very back of the outer office. DELIA looks across and sees MIKE. He looks up from a sale and waves. The rest of the scene is played out to music. DELIA retreats back into her office and lowers all the blinds. MIKE walks in and kicks the door shut behind him. He pulls a sandwich from his bag which he then throws to one side. He holds the sandwich in front of his crotch where DELIA kneels down, unwraps it and takes a seductive bite. She then manipulates him onto the desk, pulls his trousers down and jumps on.

CUT

TO:

BRIAN, meanwhile, is staring down at a sandwich, which is lying in front of him on his desk. Behind the cubicle adjacent to him the VOICE speaks.

VOICE

They wouldn't let you into an orgy. You'd turn up with your slippers on.

BRIAN

I wish you would disappear.

VOICE

I have disappeared. This is your sandwich speaking to you and I wouldn't eat me if I were you, that lettuce was dropped on the floor this morning and that chicken's actually a Yorkshire Terrier.

The last few words are spoken through choking sounds as BRIAN walks over to the VOICE's cubicle and leans over apparently grabbing him by the throat.

CUT TO:

47 INT OFFICE DAY

A sinister-looking man, the BOSS, sits behind an enormous desk in a large office. The words, 'Microtech 19, We are your future' are painted in giant letters on the wall. Other than the desk, the office is completely empty and the blinds are half shut giving the room a dim, mysterious aspect. We get the impression that we are in the presence of a powerful, perhaps even dangerous man. The BOSS is, otherwise, a middle-aged business type. There is a unicycle on the floor in front of his desk, which he appears to be staring at. Eventually he presses a button on the desk. This manifests itself as the voice of BARBARA, his secretary, speaking through an intercom.

BARBARA

Yes, sir?

BOSS

(sternly)

Barbara?

BARBARA

(earnestly)

Yes, sir?

BOSS

(ponderously)

There's a certain amount of security in a ham salad, I think, what time is it?

BARBARA

It's eleven o'clock, sir.

BOSS

Mm, I think we can dismiss the Argentinian beef stew. I don't think I'd know where I stood with it. *(pause)* Draw up a short list and we'll review the situation at eleven thirty.

BARBARA

Right ho, sir. There's a man on the phone, sir. Wouldn't give his name, just kept saying it was urgent and that you were expecting him. He used a vulgar word, shall I cut him off?

BOSS

No, it's alright, Barbara. *(pause while waits a second to be put through)* Alright now listen. We've tracked down this Nigel Conrad and hooked into his P.C. Don't do anything unless he finds the number. We want to see if he can find it. Just watch his apartment and monitor his calls. And if he does find it don't give him time to tell anyone about it. Clear? *(pause)* Good.

Puts the phone down, gets up and walks over to the unicycle, which he just continues to stare at.

CUT TO:

48 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

We focus first on the flashing sign in reception, which tells us that there are 80 days to go. We pan out to reveal MIKE staring at the sign then almost immediately being joined by SAM. They begin to walk through the corridors in the university. Although it is a modern building there is the hushed, dignified tone of an academic setting. The conversation takes

place as they walk.

MIKE

Are you worried about the handover?

SAM

A little, I'm not sure if I trust the Chinese. They're a funny lot, do odd things to hens. So, do you want to start on your course now, or would you prefer to wait? We have plenty of time.

MIKE

(without much conviction)

Well, I guess I should get started as soon as possible.

As they are walking they come to a set of doors which leads to a courtyard with a large outdoor swimming pool. There are only a few people there. A man is lying on a sunbed with a drink beside him and two or three young girls sitting around him. MIKE and the SAM stand on a balcony above looking down.

SAM

Fancy a swim?

MIKE

No, no thanks. I was wondering if I ought to have a meeting with my head of department, work out a timetable or something. Do you know where I can find him?

SAM

That's him down there.

Indicating the man by the pool

MIKE

I see.

SAM

The thing is, we, er, don't really do very much work here. I mean, we do what we have to, enrol the students, er...

MIKE

(beginning to catch on)

Swim.

SAM

Basically, yes.

MIKE

(with some concern, but less than we might expect)
So what about my PhD?

SAM

You can do it, if you want, there is a programme, there are lots of programmes...

MIKE

(showing a little suspicion)
Okay, I get the picture. Well, if you could get me some private students...
(*pause*) What was the business with Dr Lam, by the way?

SAM

Best not to ask. Anyway, no problem about the students.

MIKE

(regarding the young ladies below)
Yeah, er, we, er, I suppose we could have a swim now, if you like?

We see MIKE and SAM in the swimming pool splashing about and then swimming up to the edge where the head of department, DR LEE, a corpulent, assured-looking man is reclining on a sunlounger, still surrounded by girls.

CUT TO:

MIKE and SAM sitting with DR LEE and his entourage.

SAM

Dr Lee, This is Mike, the PhD in Enlightenment History.

DR LEE

(warmly)
Good to meet you Mike, we better make a start on your programme soon.

MIKE

Oh don't worry about that Dr Lee anytime's good for me. We've come to an arrangement about my teaching.

DR LEE

Ah, yes, I'm sorry about that...

SAM

Mike'll take on a few private students, we might put a notice up for him, I thought it was the least we could do after, well, er... Dr Lam.

DR LEE

(suddenly flaring up)
I don't want to hear that filthy swine's name mentioned near this swimming pool.

MIKE

The swimming pool?

SAM grimaces and gestures at MIKE, with his back to DR LEE, as if to say, 'please don't say anything else'.

SAM

Sorry, sir...

DR LEE

(as if nothing has happened)
Well, I'm sure you're going to fit in well here, Mike. I think you might even enjoy it, I should introduce you to my friends...

We revert to the original view from the balcony as MIKE is being introduced to the girls who are, inevitably, svelte and beautiful.

CUT TO:

49 INT FLAT MID-LEVELS

MIKE and MACINTYRE are sitting in a smallish living-room in a flat about half way up Victoria Peak. It is rather spartan in appearance, tiled floor, basic, functional furniture but clean and bright enough. MACINTYRE is looking out over the harbour, his view partially obscured by buildings. MIKE is sitting on a settee.

MIKE

(clearly not all that impressed)
Well, it isn't exactly palatial but I suppose it'll do.

MACINTYRE

It's better than 35 Nathan Road.

CREAMY comes wandering through from another room. She is looking around with a critical eye.

CREAMY

The bathroom is too small, even for small Chinese girls.

MACINTYRE

My dear little French sauce, they'll just have to go before they arrive.

CREAMY

Is okay, I suppose.

MACINTYRE

The royal seal of approval, now I suggest a quiet refreshment.

MACINTYRE goes out and comes back in with a bottle of wine.

CREAMY

No Champagne. Why not? You are a miner.

MIKE

A miner?

MACINTYRE

Miser. At a guess.

MACINTYRE uncorks the bottle and pours out three glasses.

MIKE

To future prosperity.

CREAMY

And not to do it with students.

CUT TO:

50 INT FLAT DAY/NIGHT

The next few shots are played out to music. A number of students, predominantly young and female, are led into the flat. The living-room has been converted into a classroom with whiteboard, one or two posters and several shelves of books. The scenes depicting MIKE teaching are fairly flat affairs, him at the whiteboard explaining things, sitting down with the students, pouring over textbooks, all a bit serious. The scenes of MACINTYRE, by contrast, are bright and lively. He is very demonstrative and theatrical, laughter seemingly abounds during his lessons, he dances around, sings, leans out of the window shouting at people on the street. As the music fades we are left with MIKE and MACINTYRE sitting talking apparently at the end of the day's work.

MACINTYRE

If I might make a suggestion old bean.

MIKE

Will it make any difference if I say no?

MACINTYRE

No, it won't. *(pause)* You might consider livening up the classes a bit.

MIKE

And your ideas on that subject would be?

MACINTYRE

Songs, laughter, romance, the stuff of life.

MIKE

The stuff of life?

MACINTYRE

(waving his arms about)

Theatre, drama, wit, fun and games, music, you know what I mean.

MIKE

It's not a song and dance act, you know.

MACINTYRE

'All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players'

MIKE

Yes, well, this player is going to see his girlfriend.

MACINTYRE

Getting a bit keen, aren't we? And when are we going to meet the beautiful Delia?

MIKE

You don't think I'm going to introduce her to you, do you? Why don't you go and see Creamy? I thought you were trying to have a relationship with her. Or at least not to have one with anyone else.

MACINTYRE

Let's not have a Creamy debate.

CUT TO:

51 INT OFFICE DAY

MIKE is standing in an office regarding a YOUNG WOMAN with some disdain. She is an expat with a very aristocratic accent and is looking rather excited. She is clearly a bit dizzy and probably isn't too bright.

YOUNG WOMAN

Do you have a blueberry muffin? It's my birthday today and I'm simply going to scream if I can't have a blueberry muffin. (*excitedly*) Do you have a blueberry muffin?

MIKE

(very flatly)
No.

YOUNG WOMAN

(as though she is about to cry)
Oh! How beastly.

CUT TO:

52 INT APARTMENT DAY

MIKE is standing in a kitchen, presumably in DELIA's apartment since it is smart, clean and well appointed. He is making breakfast. It is a bright, sunlit morning, happy music is playing on the radio in the background and all seems right with the world. DELIA comes up behind him in a dressing gown and puts her arms around him. He smiles. They talk in a playful manner. There is a blueberry muffin on the worktop. We focus first, briefly, on the muffin.

DELIA

What's that?

MIKE

It's a blueberry muffin.

DELIA

Is it for me?

MIKE

I saved it specially.

DELIA

They're in high demand.

MIKE

We don't hand them out to just anyone.

DELIA

What are you making?

MIKE

I'm making an egg.

DELIA

You're so clever to make an egg. Are you happy with it, I mean so far?

MIKE

I'd say it's one of the more promising eggs I've seen lately.

They both examine the egg that MIKE is beating in bowl.

DELIA

(breathlessly)

I think it's the best egg I've ever seen in my life.

MIKE

Delia?

DELIA

What my darling?

MIKE

What did you mean when you said I could have a horse, if that isn't a stupid question?

DELIA

No, it's a lovely question. I just meant that when all our dreams come true you can have a horse. If you like.

MIKE

Delia?

DELIA

What?

MIKE

Where is this going?

DELIA

I don't know. Where do you want it to go?

MIKE

I don't know really, I'm just a bit confused.

DELIA

Oh, you shouldn't be confused, no one should ever be confused, ever.

MIKE

(changing tack)

Do you think we should do something?

DELIA

About your confusion? Should we phone the police? Or the fire brigade? Who deals with these things?

MIKE

No, I mean today, should we go out, or should we stay in? What do people do these days?

DELIA

All the best people are staying in. We should stay in. We should stay in and have one of those protests where you have to have a lot of sex. Only I can't think what I want to protest about. Whales, I suppose, are we for whales or against them? (*aghast, without waiting for an answer*) Oh, oh dear! What if we're arrested?

MIKE

I'll protect you, anyway they wouldn't arrest you, you're far too beautiful, they'd probably applaud.

DELIA

Do you think they would?

MIKE

I think so. (*pause*) Delia, am I the only man in your life?

DELIA

Of course you are. What could I possibly do with another man?

CUT TO:

53 EXT GARDEN DAY

BRIAN is in a garden at the front of a large house on Victoria Peak. This is obviously the house of a very wealthy person; immaculate garden, panoramic view of the harbour. A social gathering is in progress. It is rather a staid affair with a few idiots poking at sausages on a barbecue and a lot of accountants wandering about. BRIAN is talking to an older man, MONTAGUE, his boss. They are both holding drinks and trying to look relaxed. They don't.

MONTAGUE

So Brian, where is this young lady of yours?

BRIAN

Well, I think she's working today, actually.

MONTAGUE

Mm, so, how are things at work?

BRIAN

Good, good, very good.

MONTAGUE

(absent-mindedly)

That's, er, very good, Brian. Very good indeed.

BRIAN

So, no problems then?

The VOICE is heard but not seen.

VOICE

Apart from the fact that you're an old wanker.

MONTAGUE

What?

BRIAN

(weakly)

Just one of the lads, Mr Montague.

CUT TO:

54 INT FLAT DAY

NIGEL is sitting, as before, at his computer typing away feverishly. We get the impression that he on the verge of something. Suddenly he stands up and punches the air shouting, 'yes' and 'I've got it' over and over. Evidently he has discovered the number. He reaches for the telephone on his desk but pauses before doing so. He thinks for second and then pulls a mobile phone out of his pocket and begins to dial.

CUT TO:

55 INT OFFICE DAY

BRIAN is on the phone looking very animated. He is talking to NIGEL.

BRIAN

Brilliant mate, brilliant.(*pause*) And you're absolutely sure? Alright what's the number?

Takes up a pen and writes down a number. At the top of the page he writes the words 'magic number'.

This is brilliant, Nigel, I'll get back to you later.

He puts the phone down and leans back and smiles, he's finally got something right, something big. Soon DELIA, untold wealth and anything else he can think of will be his for the asking. He looks smugly around the office. As he does so MONTAGUE approaches his desk.

MONTAGUE

A word if you please, Brian.

BRIAN

Er, I'm a bit busy at the moment Mr Montague, If you don't...

MONTAGUE

(uncompromisingly)

A word please, Brian. In my office, right now.

BRIAN gets up and follows him. As they move out of shot. MIKE walks into view with sandwiches. He looks over the VOICE's cubicle, it seems there is no one there. He walks aimlessly over to BRIAN's desk, looks down and sees the piece of paper with the magic number on it, picks it up and walks away.

CUT TO:

56 INT FLAT NIGHT

NIGEL is at his desk when the doorbell rings. He goes through a hallway to a front door and opens it. Before he can say anything the TWO ASSASSINS force their way in.

1ST ASSASSIN

Where's the PC?

NIGEL leads them through to his computer room.

NIGEL

What's all this about?

2ND ASSASSIN

You really expect us to believe that you haven't already guessed?

NIGEL

I haven't had time to do anything, I only just found the number.

1ST ASSASSIN

Well we can't take any chances on that I'm afraid. Just tell us everything and you keep your head free of injuries.

1ST ASSASSIN pulls out a gun and points it at NIGEL.

NIGEL

I only found it a minute ago. How did you know what I was doing?

1ST ASSASSIN

You, Nigel, my son, are dealing with something far bigger than, well, you for a start. Right unplug the computer.

NIGEL

(nervously)

Why, what are you doing?

2ND ASSASSIN

The computer is leaving you Nigel. Irreconcilable differences.

1ST ASSASSIN

Anyway you aren't going to need it anymore.

He smiles at NIGEL in an ugly way.

And remember, 'We are your future'. Such as it is.

NIGEL smiles weakly back. The 1ST ASSASSIN points the gun at NIGEL and fires. The bullet hits him square on the forehead, killing him instantly.

CUT TO:

57 INT OFFICE DAY

As MIKE moves out of shot BRIAN comes back to his desk and sees to his great consternation that the number is no longer there. He frantically looks through all the papers on his desk, becoming increasingly angry. He sits down and punches his computer. He picks up the phone and dials a number to which there is obviously no reply.

BRIAN

Shit.

He goes over to the VOICE's cubicle.

BRIAN

Did you take a number off my desk?

VOICE

What am I? The person who takes numbers off people's desk's. Why would I want to take a number off your desk?

BRIAN

Never mind.

VOICE

What was it? Someone's girlfriend? Someone's wife? I bet it was a massage parlour. Or a gay club. You probably stole it anyway. Why don't you get your own number?

BRIAN picks up the phone and dials NIGEL again as the voice is speaking.

CUT TO:

58 INT NIGEL'S FLAT DAY

The phone is ringing and NIGEL is lying on the ground dead in a pool of blood.

CUT TO:

59 EXT PEAK DAY

MIKE and RONNIE are on bicycles dressed as Catholic priests. They are working as extras somewhere on Victoria Peak on a location film shoot. They are riding along what appears to be a country lane although there are production staff standing around in groups, deep in conversation, all holding clipboards and smoking cigarettes. An aloof TV star stands in front of a location set in traditional 19th century Chinese Imperial costume. She petulantly complies as a director's assistant relieves her of her walkman and cigarette. RONNIE and MIKE come to a stop just off the set.

RONNIE

You see, you don't have to be rich to enjoy yourself in Hong Kong. This would never happen to us in London or Dublin or wherever. Isn't it great?

CUT TO:

LONG SHOT OF DEEPWATER BAY AND SURROUNDING AREA - FROM THE PEAK.

MIKE

Don't you want to be rich, you know, dinner at the Mandarin Oriental, the job, the flat?

RONNIE

Nah. Would we be doing this if we were rich? I like this, look at us! (*throwing his hands in the air*) We're free! We're happy! We're Catholic priests!

CUT TO:

60 EXT TSIM SHA TSUI DAY

BRIAN and DELIA are walking along the upper level promenade by the ferry terminal at T.S.T. DELIA is not entirely happy.

DELIA

So, what you're telling me is that you had it and you've lost it.

BRIAN

Well, sort of...

DELIA

No, Brian you either have it or you don't. Do you have it?

BRIAN

No, but I did.

DELIA

That's actually worse than never having it in the first place.

BRIAN

No, Delia...

DELIA

(interrupting)

Yes it is.

NIGEL

...you see all I have to do is get Nigel on the phone and get it again.

DELIA

Yeah, and what about Nigel? Why haven't you just phoned him?

BRIAN

Well, that's it you see, I haven't been able to get through to him for some reason, I mean the phone's been cut off, for some reason.

DELIA

Since when?

BRIAN

Yesterday.

DELIA

He's probably been arrested.

BRIAN

I'll find it, Delia or I'll find Nigel.

DELIA

You know Brian I don't think you will, something tells me you won't. I'm going now, Brian and don't follow me, I hate it when you do that.

DELIA turns and walks back towards Star Ferry, BRIAN sort of trails along behind her.

BRIAN

As if I would.

DELIA

(snapping)

Brian. Go and get the MTR. (*the underground*)

CUT TO:

61 INT FLAT NIGHT

DELIA and MIKE are in DELIA's flat eating dinner. DELIA seems to be a little distracted.

DELIA

You can't have a horse.

MIKE

What?

DELIA

A horse, you can't have a horse. I'm sorry, but there it is.

MIKE

It's okay.

DELIA

Oh. And we can't live in a big country house either.

MIKE

Well, you don't have to feel responsible. Anyway how do you know we won't live in a big country house, we might.

DELIA

Yeah, I suppose so. It's just that (*pausing, beginning to show a little emotion*)

well, I was poor when I was brought up, you know, poor, you know, like, like, rags, and, and a stinking flat, and...

MIKE

(interrupting)

There's no shame in poverty.

DELIA

(suddenly becoming very angry, she throws a cup at the wall. It smashes causing a brief silence. MIKE seems confused, DELIA shows an alarming bitterness.)

Oh, don't be so stupid, of course there is. That's what all the well-meaning middle-classes want us to believe, Mike, it's how they justify it. There shouldn't be. But there is, a whole lot of it. People make sure that you feel it. At Christmas, at birthdays, at the school dance. You feel ashamed, Mike, because you're poor.

MIKE

(sympathetically)

I'm sorry. (*pause*) Anyway, you don't seem to be very poor now.

DELIA

No but I worked very hard to be where I am now. Very hard, much harder than all those stuck up little ex-pat gits waving their old school ties and sticking out their stiff upper lips.

MIKE

Did something happen today?

DELIA

(calming down a bit)

Yeah I suppose it did in a way, I thought I was going to be rich, I mean really rich, but, well, it was all a bit silly really when I think about it. I mean there was us and the big house and so on and so on. And now I feel like I lost my lottery ticket and my numbers came up.

MIKE

I'll cheer you up.

DELIA

How are you going to do that?

MIKE

With a magic number, you know, free phone calls, to the USA or the UK in your case. You've heard of magic numbers?

DELIA

Oh I've had enough of magic numbers for one... where did you get it.

MIKE

Well that's the funny thing, I found it on a guy's desk in Causeway Bay.

DELIA

Montague Robinson and Baird in Wu Chung house?

MIKE

Yeah, how did you know that?

DELIA

(throwing herself at him, in great delight and to MIKE's great surprise)
Oh Michael! Have you given it to anyone else?

MIKE

Only Mac. Why what is it?

DELIA

Is that the mad Scotsman?

MIKE

I'm afraid it is.

DELIA

Oh dear.

MIKE

Why, what's wrong?

DELIA

The magic number isn't free phone calls, it's a sort of back door into the world's computer systems.

MIKE

(with a little scepticism)
The world?

DELIA

Well, I don't really know how it works exactly but basically it means we can go into any system that uses Microtech 19 software.

MIKE

Microtech 19, (*striking a dramatic pose*) 'We are your future'.

DELIA

The bank, the office, friends, family, government departments, you name it.

MIKE

How do you know it works? It all seems a bit fanciful.

DELIA

Well I know but I know it exists. And we've got it.

MIKE

We can have a house in the country.

DELIA

And a horse. Phone Mac now.

CUT TO:

62 INT MIKE AND MAC'S FLAT NIGHT

MACINTYRE is on the phone dialling a number. He pauses a second or two and puts the phone down irately. Immediately it rings. He picks it up and screams 'hello' down the phone.

MACINTYRE

Yes, of course it's me who did you think it would be? *(pause)* No it bloody doesn't. *(pause)* Why? *(pause)* I suppose I could, is it of desperate importance? *(pause)* Okay, see you in half an hour.

CUT TO:

63 INT DELIA'S FLAT NIGHT

DELIA and MIKE are sitting at the dinner table facing each other.

DELIA

Can we trust him?

MIKE

Yeah, we can trust him.

The buzzer for the front door sounds. MIKE goes to answer it. He says, 'okay Mac' and presses an entry button.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later. MIKE, MACINTYRE and DELIA are sitting round the dinner table engrossed in conversation. The room now has a smokey, poker table atmosphere.

MACINTYRE

It occurs to me that Nigel's phone being cut off so soon after he finds this number is more than a little suspicious.

DELIA

Mm. What would you suggest?

MACINTYRE

(getting up and walking around the room while he talks, beginning to sound a bit like a Mafia boss)

Let me tell you the story about the Spanish civil service clerk and the monthly expenses claim. He's just a normal guy working in a small office in Madrid, making a modest living and leading a quiet life. Wife, couple of kids, small family saloon, enjoys a game of darts with the hombres on a Saturday night, cuts the grass on Sunday mornings. Anyway, he puts in his expense account one month and accidentally puts the decimal point in the wrong place. What do you know? They send him a cheque for ten times what he should have got. He sits on it, eventually cashes it and they don't notice. There is a God, he thinks. He tries it again a month or two later and it works again. By the time they caught up with him he had two mansion houses in the country, was driving an Aston Martin and had sent his kids to the best public school in Europe. He went too far. We do this once for as much money as we can get away with and then disappear.

MIKE

You aren't being a bit over cautious?

MACINTYRE

Possibly, but we're stealing if we make money out of this thing, you do realise that, don't you?

DELIA

Oddly enough I hadn't really thought about it that way.

MACINTYRE

Well, you better start, because if we go through with this and get caught we're looking at ten or fifteen years in jail.

MIKE

We could just go to the police.

MACINTYRE

Why? Because someone's been bad? Think again. First of all, what's happened to this guy Nigel? That troubles me for a start. Microtech 19 are powerful people, Jesus, we might as well be dealing with the Mafia. Going to the police

means, at best, the witness protection programme, at worst, and as I see it likeliest, being ignored and killed before we can draw breath. Knowledge is the most valuable commodity on the planet and we have one of the rarest pieces of knowledge there is. If we expose it, we cause no end of chaos, if we expose the fact that we know what it is, without telling anyone what it is, we make ourselves extremely vulnerable. We can use it to our advantage or we can destroy all trace of it. Those are our best and, I feel, only options.

CUT TO:

64 INT NIGEL'S FLAT DAY

ROBERTA is standing outside NIGEL's flat. The door is slightly ajar but a police crime scene tape is across the door. She ducks underneath it and goes into the flat. We follow her through to the computer room. It is completely trashed with a bit of blood on the floor. She goes to the desk where the computer was and looks around. She seems more curious than worried. As she is investigating a policeman enters the room. He is a bit stupid but pleasant enough.

POLICEMAN

Can I help you at all?

ROBERTA

What happened? Where's Nigel?

POLICEMAN

Can I ask what your connection with Nigel is?

ROBERTA

Er, just a friend, really, why?

POLICEMAN

(being a bit overly dramatic)

I'm afraid I have some bad news, Nigel died yesterday.

ROBERTA

Died? How did he die?

POLICEMAN

(flatly, forgetting his drama)

He was shot through the head.

ROBERTA

God! Who shot him?

POLICEMAN

We don't know that as yet. You better give me your details just in case it was you. It wasn't you was it?

ROBERTA

No.

POLICEMAN

I didn't think it was you. You don't look the type.

ROBERTA

I'm not the type. Was it a professional job, you know, the mob.

POLICEMAN

(talking confidentially, as if to an old friend)

Well, between you and me, I think it was. I mean, they trashed the place and all but he was shot at close range with a .22. Good clean shot through the head. Burglars aren't usually that neat, although it looks like they stole his computer, there's a printer and a keyboard there and an empty space. They didn't steal anything else though.

ROBERTA

Mm.

CUT TO:

65 INT CAFE DAY

ROBERTA is looking intently through an address book while sitting in a trendy café/bar. She stops at a page obviously of some significance, takes out her mobile phone and dials.

ROBERTA

Pauline (*pause*) yeah, Roberta (*pause*) fine, yeah, listen, do you remember that guy that Nigel used to hang out with? (*pause*) The English guy, Brian, I think his name was, he went out to Hong Kong (*pause*) yeah (*pause*) I thought you went out with him once (*pause*) mm, do you remember his second name? (*pause*) Staines, are you sure? (*pause*) well, no, I don't suppose you would (*pause*) okay, thanks Pauline, oh, by the way, Nigel was shot in the head yesterday, ghastly isn't it? (*pause*) oh, he's dead alright, (*pause*) well, I'll get over it, bye, bye.

CUT TO:

66 INT OFFICE/MTR NIGHT

DELIA has her feet up on her desk and is talking on the phone to BRIAN. BRIAN is on his mobile in Central MTR station waiting for a train. It is rush hour and he is being jostled a bit by other commuters. As usual they are both irritable.

DELIA

(even harder with him than usual)
No, Brian, no, I just don't want to. It's over, Brian, okay? I'm sorry but there it is, no, actually I'm not even sorry, that's how over it is.

CUT TO:

BRIAN

Well, if that's how you feel, I dare say I'll get over it. You're a real bitch, Delia, d'you know that, (*pause*) yeah, well, Nigel's dead (*pause*) yes, dead (*pause*) I phoned an old friend in the states and she told me he'd been shot. (*pause*) that's right (*pause*) yeah, and you, have a nice life you bitch.

CUT TO:

DELIA

(putting the phone down)
Oh I intend to.

DELIA picks up the phone again and dials.

DELIA

Hi. Mac, it's Delia, is Mike there? *(pause)* Well, it doesn't really matter, something's come up, we have to talk urgently, meet me at the Arts Centre at Tsim Sha Tsui, you know on the steps overlooking the harbour, *(pause)* yeah, okay around nine o'clock.

CUT TO:

67 EXT ARTS CENTRE NIGHT

MACINTYRE is sitting on the steps outside the Arts centre overlooking the harbour. He is alone but two young Asian men are sitting near him. They approach him cautiously.

1ST MAN

Are you American?

MACINTYRE

Certainly not.

2ND MAN

Are you an Englishman?

MACINTYRE

Good God, that's even worse.

1ST MAN

We are from a small town in Laos.

MACINTYRE

I see, and you've lost your taxi fare home no doubt.

2ND MAN

No, we do not wish to ask you for money. What country are you from?

MACINTYRE

If you must know, I'm from Scotland, you know, Highland Flings, Loch Ness Monster, whisky.

1ST MAN

Scotland, that is part of England, no?

MACINTYRE

You're not making a lot of friends here you know that don't you?

2ND MAN

We are sorry, we are only from a small town in Laos. We are two policemen.

1ST MAN

(shamefully)

And we are ashamed.

2ND MAN

Yes we are ashamed of our sirens.

1ST MAN

We are not exciting, in our car. They think we sound like a donkey.

2ND MAN

We want to go to a country with good sirens.

1ST MAN

Miami vice!

He makes the sound of what he imagines to be a more fashionable siren. MACINTYRE remains silent but is viewing them with great suspicion.

2ND MAN

Beverly Hills Cop.

1ST MAN

(with even greater shame)

Yes, because in our town they point at us and laugh at our siren, they call us... the donkey police.

MACINTYRE

This is ridiculous, now, off you go, you're just being silly.

DELIA and MIKE are coming up the steps as the two policemen start to back away reluctantly.

2ND MAN

(desperately)

We want to go to America.

MACINTYRE

(standing up to urge them to go away)

Off you go, I've never heard such nonsense, go on now.

They walk away disconsolately as MACINTYRE is joined by MIKE and DELIA.

MIKE

Who are your friends?

MACINTYRE

Starsky and Hutch in rickshaws.

LONG SHOT OF THE ARTS CENTRE AT TSIM SHA TSUI, THREE TINY FIGURES SIT AT THE TOP OF THE STEPS. ABOVE AND BEHIND THEM A LARGE NEON SIGN BLINKS OUT THE LEGEND, 'FIFTY DAYS TO GO'.

The TWO POLICEMEN have left. MIKE, DELIA and MACINTYRE are sitting down on the steps. DELIA takes cans of beer out of a bag and passes them round. They all open them and drink.

MACINTYRE

So, what's the problem?

MIKE

Nigel's been shot.

MACINTYRE

Nigel the computer genius?

DELIA

Uh huh.

MIKE

What do you think?

MACINTYRE

I think it must work otherwise he wouldn't have been shot. It's too much of a coincidence.

DELIA

So what do we do now?

MACINTYRE

I think we should just wait until we've got the false bank account sorted out and do it. 'If it were done when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly'.

DELIA

And you'll have to give up the sandwich run.

MACINTYRE

Mm, I'll miss the old cheese and pickle but I have to agree. If Nigel's been in touch with Brian by telephone there's a good chance that the people who shot him know Brian exists. The further we are from him the better.

MIKE

Okay, so all we have to do is open a false bank account, we'll need false ID.

MACINTYRE

Paul Smith. Sounds like an honest sort of a chap.

DELIA

God, I hope this works. What about a computer person?

MACINTYRE

Creamy.

DELIA

Creamy what?

MACINTYRE

Creamy the computer person.

MIKE

Is that sensible?

MACINTYRE

She may have an unusual name...

DELIA

(overlapping)
I'll say...

MACINTYRE

(overlapping)
...but she's a reliable girl and not to be trifled with.

MIKE

Yeah, well, I suppose she'll do as well as anyone. I came across a guy called Vermin last week. Although Bowel took a bit of beating, I must say.

DELIA

Don't these idiots have dictionaries?

MACINTYRE

Meat Loaf, Snoop Doggy Dog, Sting, not to mention the artist formerly known as... as, whatever he was formerly known as, what about these idiots? Someone should call the name police on these guys. Anyway, I think we have

all the bases covered as you colonials are fond of saying. (*dramatically with another grand gesture*). We're going to be rich.

We focus briefly on DELIA who seems delighted and MIKE who smiles but not without apprehension.

CUT TO:

68 INT OFFICE DAY

The BOSS sits behind his desk in his office examining some papers. He stops suddenly and presses the button on the intercom. BARBARA answers.

BOSS

Barbara?

BARBARA

Yes, sir?

BOSS

Get me some cigars, a pipe and some cigarettes immediately. I've decided to start smoking.

BARBARA

Right away, sir. Those men are here, sir, one of them swore, shall I ask them to leave?

BOSS

(sighing)

Send them in.

The TWO ASSASSINS who killed NIGEL enter the room. They are a little nervous and stand edgily by the door.

BOSS

(uncompromisingly)

Come in. Now lie down on the floor, face up.

They do as he says. He walks confidently around the room.

Now, I've decided to start smoking. What do you think of that?

1ST ASSASSIN

(after a slight pause)

Good decision, sir.

BOSS

I thought so. Now the question is, do I go for a cigar or a pipe? Or do I go for cigarettes?

1ST ASSASSIN

I'd go for a cigar.

BOSS

When the day comes that I need your advice I'll register for voluntary euthanasia. Alright get up. It turns out he had a mobile phone. He made a call after he found the number; to this address in Hong Kong. *(he walks over to where they lie and hands a piece of paper to 1ST ASSASSIN who extends a hand without getting up)* It's an accountant's office. Go there and find out who the calls were made to and kill him.

CUT TO:

69 INT AEROPLANE NIGHT

The TWO ASSASSINS are sitting on a plane smoking cigarettes and playing cards. We pan out to reveal ROBERTA sitting a few seats in front of them. She is drinking a gin and tonic and looking disdainfully at a backpacker sitting next to her. He looks at her and raises his eyebrows as if to suggest that he is interested in having sex with her. She hits him with a magazine.

CUT TO:

70 INT FLAT NIGHT

MIKE is sitting in his flat with a student. It's a rather sombre-looking affair.

MIKE

Well, er, Smiley, er, that's about it for tonight, are you doing anything special at the weekend?

SMILEY

I have nothing to do, I am very lonely, I do not like Hong Kong.

MIKE

Don't you have any friends?

SMILEY

No, only me, sometimes I am very sad, I wish I could die.

MIKE

Oh, come on now, it can't be that bad. (*looking at his watch*) Listen Smiley, I have to go right now, if you want to choose a new book they're all up there on the shelf, and could you just switch off the lights and slam the door behind you when you go out?

SMILEY

(sadly)
Okay.

MIKE picks up some keys and goes out, saying 'bye' to her as he pulls the door shut. SMILEY doesn't say anything but is looking anything but smiley. She gets up and walks into the kitchen area where she finds a sharp knife. She takes this back through to the teaching area, sits down and, after a moment's thought, plunges the knife into her chest. She slumps face down onto the table, still sitting, she is dead. A second or two later MIKE's key is heard in the door and he comes back in, looking round for something he has evidently forgotten. He spots his jacket on the settee, picks it up and dashes out again. He doesn't look directly at SMILEY and clearly doesn't notice that she is dead. His dialogue is spoken as he is doing this.

MIKE

(cheerily)
Forgot my jacket, right, off this time, have a nice weekend.

CUT TO:

71 INT FLAT NIGHT

MIKE and DELIA are in bed eating pizza and watching TV in DELIA's flat. A warm, homely feel surrounds them.

DELIA

So how were your students tonight?

MIKE

Oh, fine, the usual you know, boring, a bit morbid the last one, she wants to die.

DELIA

Poor little thing. Why does she want to die?

MIKE

She's lonely, apparently. Anyway, how are we doing with Paul Smith?

DELIA

Well, I got some business cards made up, he's a teacher, they look quite good actually, I'd like to learn from him, in fact I quite fancy him.

MIKE

What does he look like?

DELIA

Tall, dark and handsome, with a moustache. He plays the piano and dances the Flamenco. Not at the same time of course. He works out, drives an Aston Martin and has a mysterious past.

MIKE

Mm.

CUT TO:

72 INT FLAT NIGHT

MACINTYRE is walking quietly around in a bedroom in a strange apartment. He is wearing a kimono, the room is tastefully decorated and lit only by candlelight. Soft, sensuous classical music is playing. Suddenly the main light comes on and CREAMY comes in. She is completely naked apart from her breasts and vagina, which are covered by whipped cream.

CREAMY

(excitedly)

Look, I'm Creamy!

MACINTYRE

Jesus Christ.

CUT TO:

73 INT FLAT NIGHT

DELIA and MIKE are still in bed.

MIKE

In your heart of hearts do you really think this is going to work?

DELIA

I don't know.

MIKE

Are we crazy? I mean to even try to get away with this. I've never done anything like this in my life, but... but somehow because there's no one tangible to visualise as a victim I feel as though there isn't one. Maybe it's just because we haven't done anything wrong yet.

DELIA

Well there's always Brian, if you want a victim.

MIKE

You know what I mean. It's wrong surely, what we're doing. I mean, we'll never get away with it will we?

DELIA

Don't go moral on me Mike. There are only two types of people in this world; rich and poor. It doesn't matter how else you dress it up that's the long and the short of it.

MIKE

There's more to life than money, Delia, sometimes I think you're obsessed with it.

DELIA

If I threw you out onto the street right now with no money what would you do.

MIKE

(slightly irritated as DELIA appears to be turning this around on him.)
I don't know.

DELIA

Exactly. You don't know. You don't know because no one knows what to do without money, we're lost without it. We're ruined without it. We spend all day working essentially to accumulate money and then the rest of the day spending it. Don't you think I'd like to spend all day making love and drinking Champagne and eating ice cream?

MIKE

Alright, you win. I just feel uncomfortable with this, I mean I don't feel guilty as such but, well, it's surreal, somehow, like it's not really happening but, but, well, it is. We're going to commit a serious crime, Delia. Probably.

DELIA

You mean you feel guilty because you don't feel guilty?

MIKE

I don't know what I feel (*half-laughing*) I mean, this isn't me! I'm not an international criminal.

DELIA

I know, but isn't it fun?

MIKE

Yeah, yeah, it is kind of fun, in a worrying sort of way.

CUT TO:

74 INT FLAT NIGHT

CREAMY is sprawled naked on the bed in the apartment as before looking reasonably pleased with herself. MACINTYRE is gazing out of the window at a sea of neon. From over his shoulder we can see the ubiquitous 'days to go' sign, we are now down to 45. MACINTYRE seems in pensive mood although we pan round and close in on him to see that he still has whipped cream round his mouth.

MACINTYRE

You have proved to be an excellent dessert.

CUT TO:

75 INT FLAT DAY

MIKE is sitting in his flat alone. Suddenly his worried look is back. The key is heard in the door and MACINTYRE bursts in.

MACINTYRE

(outraged)

So what's the big problem. You realise that you have interrupted my dessert.

MIKE points to the dead body of SMILEY at the table.

MIKE

She's dead.

MACINTYRE goes over to her and prods her about a bit.

MACINTYRE

(like a coroner issuing a verdict)

Bored to death. I've warned you about this. The very life driven out of her poor, stiff, wee body by your tedious practices. By God, sir, you have much to answer for. What were you teaching her?

MIKE

Thomas Hardy in easy English. Jude the Obscure.

MACINTYRE

No wonder she killed herself.

MIKE

What are we going to do?

MACINTYRE

Dump her.

They look meaningfully at each other, MACINTYRE confirms his grisly suggestion with a nod.

MIKE

(incredulously)
Dump her? (*pause*) You're not serious?

MACINTYRE

Well it isn't going to make any difference to her is it?

MIKE

(outraged)
It'll make a difference to me, good God, Mac. I mean, we can't...

MACINTYRE

We can't afford to phone the police. We're running an unregistered business, you're working illegally and we won't even mention the fact that we're about to, shall we say, acquire, some very large sums of money from Hong Kong's banks. Do you want to phone the police?

MIKE

I think we should.

MACINTYRE

Alright, think on this. Why is she dead? And why has it taken us three days to report it?

MIKE

This is God punishing us for committing a crime.

MACINTYRE

We haven't committed a crime.

MIKE

Yet.

MACINTYRE

So this is God punishing us for not committing a crime just yet. What happens if we actually go through with it? Fire, floods, a plague of locusts?

MIKE loses the haunted look and begins to come round.

MIKE

Alright, so we can't phone the police. Can't we contact someone anonymously and say we found a body. I mean, what about her family, they'll be devastated.

MACINTYRE

Devastated my arse, don't you watch the news? They dig up body parts here on a daily basis, they'll be pleased to have her back in one piece.

MIKE

(exasperated)
She's dead!

MACINTYRE

(a little more relaxed than would seem normal)
Well, I won't dispute that but does it really matter how, where and when?

MIKE

Yes, yes it does.

MACINTYRE

Look let's go to the pub and have a wee talk. It'll seem better after a drink or two.

MIKE

Better? This is not a situation that's going to get any better. And what do you propose to do with her in the meantime?

MACINTYRE

Well, we can't take her.

CUT TO:

76 EXT PUB NIGHT

MIKE and MACINTYRE are sitting drinking outside a pub in Lan Kwai Fong. It is busy and typical of the area, a lot of trendy young people are wandering about. They all look confident and happy in direct contrast to MIKE and MACINTYRE who are surveying the scene in slightly detached manner. We move slowly through the crowd, focusing briefly on two young executives. They talk arrogantly.

1ST EXECUTIVE

I bought a boat today. One million dollars. It was better than sex.

2ND EXECUTIVE

I had sex today. That girl over there (*focus briefly on a girl in the crowd, she waves and blows a kiss*) I took her from behind. She was squealing with ecstasy. It was better than buying a boat.

We move on through the crowd towards MIKE and MACINTYRE who sit on a window ledge just behind the girl. We focus briefly on her as we close on them.

GIRL

Yeah, I had sex with him this afternoon, he was completely crap but he's my boss so I faked it.

Moving past her and closing on MIKE and MACINTYRE.

MIKE

Should we tell Delia?

MACINTYRE

Absolutely not.

MIKE

Why?

MACINTYRE

Firstly, she's a woman. They can't keep their mouths shut about anything, she'd be on the phone within five minutes telling all her mates, she'd probably want to tell her mother. Secondly, there's no point, it'll only confuse things. We deal with this quickly and quietly and then forget about it.

MIKE

(reluctantly)

Okay, we dispose of the body, well, discretely, but I'm not happy about it.

MACINTYRE

I'm not happy about it either. D'you think we could get her into a rucksack?

MIKE

(with head in hands)

God, this is awful.

CUT TO:

77 EXT TELEPHONE KIOSK DAY

ROBERTA is in a phone booth on a side street, now in Hong Kong. Unlike MIKE she seems quite comfortable in her new surroundings. She gives a mean stare to a young man who is waiting to use the phone. He backs away, a little frightened.

ROBERTA

Yes, hello, I'd like the number for a Mr Brian Staines, please. (*pause*)
S-t-a-i-n-e-s (*pause*) I'm sorry I don't know the address.

There is a slight pause before she takes down a telephone number.

CUT TO:

78 EXT CAFE DAY

BRIAN and ROBERTA are sitting outside a bar in Lan Kwai Fong having a drink. It is the place that MIKE and MACINTYRE were at after discovering SMILEY's body. They are the epitome of the trendy ex-pat couple, wearing sunglasses, leaning back confidently in their seats surveying the activities of the passers-by, of whom, as usual, there are plenty. A sign in the background tells us that there are forty days to go. We detect a growing sense of urgency.

ROBERTA

So what you're telling me here is that you had the number and you lost it. Wasn't that a little careless?

BRIAN

Don't you start. I've just about had...

ROBERTA

(talking over him)

Have you sat down and thought about this, I mean really worked it out?

BRIAN

Do you think I'm stupid? I've thought about nothing else.

ROBERTA

Was there a window open, or a fan or anything that could have blown it away?

BRIAN

No, nothing like that.

ROBERTA

You didn't move it, could a secretary or a cleaner have moved it?

BRIAN

No.

As they are talking, BRIAN regards some people walking by. They include DELIA and MIKE. BRIAN gets up to go and talk to her but notices MIKE and the fact that they are holding hands. He sits back down. They have not noticed him.

ROBERTA

What? What is it?

BRIAN

The sandwich man, it must have been the sandwich man. That bitch. How did she find him?

ROBERTA

Excuse me. Did I miss a page?

BRIAN

I think I know where our number is.

CUT TO:

79 INT OFFICE DAY

BRIAN is sitting drumming his fingers on his desk and looking out of the window. As usual we are unable to see 'the VOICE'.

BRIAN

Where is the sandwich man today? The bugger's always late.

VOICE

No he's not, it's another bloke.

BRIAN

What do you mean it's another bloke?

VOICE

Well I can hardly imagine what I meant by that, I do come out with some cryptic remarks sometimes don't I? Call me enigmatic if you like but I like to keep them guessing, in fact...

BRIAN

(interrupting)

So where did he go? Is he on holiday?

VOICE

Why do you want to know that? Do you fancy him?

BRIAN

Once and for all. I am not gay, alright. Not gay.

VOICE

Well that jacket is.

BRIAN

I sometimes think you were sent by God to punish me.

VOICE

I was. I'm going to out you. And that jacket...

BRIAN

(interrupting)

Yes and I hate you. Anyway do you know where the sandwich man went or don't you?

VOICE

Of course I don't, I'm not a database for itinerant bums, he's probably on a beach in Thailand although actually I did see him on Bowen Road a couple of nights ago with a gorgeous girl. He's probably a male prostitute. You should go up there and hang around, you might get lucky.

CUT TO:

80 EXT MID LEVELS ESCALATORS DAY

It is around teatime. BRIAN is standing outside the mid levels escalators watching people go home from work. He is wearing a hat and dark glasses. He is obviously waiting for MIKE or DELIA. After a moment or two MIKE comes into view. BRIAN turns away from him and then steps onto the escalator following him at what he assumes to be a safe distance. He is almost excruciatingly obvious about his intentions. In an attempt to hide when MIKE turns round for a moment he bends down to pretend to tie his shoelaces inadvertently arousing the suspicions of a short-skirted girl immediately in front of him. She turns round to see BRIAN apparently trying to look up her skirt. She hits him over the head with her handbag. MIKE remains oblivious. We follow them up the escalator and then along a street. Eventually we come to the front door of MIKE's apartment block. BRIAN just catches the door before it locks and watches the lift to see which floor it stops at.

CUT TO:

81 INT FLAT NIGHT

It is now a little later. MIKE is sitting down on the settee looking grimly at the body of SMILEY who has now obviously been dead for a few more days. MACINTYRE comes in.

MIKE

We've got to move her. We've got a student in half an hour.

MACINTYRE

Better put her in the kitchen. We can keep people away from it easier. If the worst comes to the worst we could always hide her in the fridge.

MIKE

The kitchen's too open she'll need to go into a bedroom.

MACINTYRE

Well she can't come into mine. Creamy's here far too often. And she likes to investigate things.

MIKE

(with disgust)

I know I've heard her. Okay. Let's get on with it.

They lift her unsteadily from her seat, rigor mortis having set in she remains in the seated position. They take her into a small corridor and, banging her head off a door, into a bedroom.

MIKE

In the wardrobe.

They open the wardrobe door and squeeze her in. Her arm appears, partly opening the door. MACINTYRE deftly pushes it back in with his foot before closing the door.

MACINTYRE

Now whatever you do don't forget she's in there.

MIKE

Very funny.

CUT TO:

82 EXT CENTRAL DAY

LONG SHOT OF BRIAN AND ROBERTA STANDING ON AN OVERHEAD WALKWAY LOOKING INTO THE CAMERA DOWN A BUSY CENTRAL STREET

ROBERTA

Are you sure this guy has the number?

CUT TO:

View from the walkway, BRIAN and ROBERTA with backs to the camera looking back down the same street.

BRIAN

No, but it's all just too convenient and when I think about it, who else could have taken it. Whether Delia had anything to do with it or not.

ROBERTA

(turning round to face the camera)

Alright, I'm inclined to agree with you. What do we do now?

BRIAN

(turning round also)

I'm not sure, after Nigel's untimely demise I'm not entirely convinced I want to do anything. I mean, quite frankly, I'm surprised you're still alive.

They begin to walk, still facing the camera, into one of the adjoining buildings. There is dramatic classical music playing quietly in the background. It is the upstairs gallery of a large shopping mall, typically over the top with a large fountain in the centre of the foyer and most of the interior made of glass and mirrors creating an 'ice-palace' effect. They walk slowly around the gallery. A few shoppers are dotted about but it is fairly quiet.

ROBERTA

This has occurred to me. I think they must have tracked him down through his telephone, I mean if they'd been watching for long they'd have seen me leave the apartment at some point.

BRIAN

He spoke to me after he found the number. Probably just before he died. Having said that he only had my office number as far as I know. Bugger.

ROBERTA

What, what have you done now?

BRIAN

I told Delia that Nigel was dead.

ROBERTA

Well that was clever.

BRIAN

I didn't think it would matter.

ROBERTA

Well it matters now doesn't it? Anyway, that might not be such a bad thing.

BRIAN

Why not?

ROBERTA

Because now she and the pastrami kid have probably reached the same conclusions that we just have. My guess would be that they'll log on once and collect a huge sum of money and then fly to Timbuktu. Maybe we should break into their apartment.

BRIAN

So what do we do?

ROBERTA

Congratulate them and wave them off at the airport.

BRIAN

Okay, okay, so why do we need to break into his apartment?

ROBERTA

Well, it might be useful. Even if we can't find the number we might find something. Brochures, telephone numbers, anything that might tell us what they've got planned. We've got the upper hand now. They don't even know we exist.

BRIAN

We could just ask them to hand it over, or share it.

ROBERTA

We could but now that Nigel's dead they'll want to keep the whole thing as quiet as possible. And why would they trust us not to take the money and run, then leave a trail pointing at them. She dumped you fast enough when you were no more use to her. Best just to wait and watch, for now at least.

BRIAN

It's risky.

ROBERTA

I don't think so. They'll be careful but they don't think anyone's watching them. As long as we're sensible about this we'll get them. They won't risk using the number more than once. I wouldn't. Cash in a bag is the least traceable thing to do. Think about it. You wouldn't use your own name for obvious reasons. If they use a false bank account and transfer it there's always the chance that they'll be tracked down before they can get to it. I don't get the impression that Microtech 19 are the sort of people who mess about. And anyway it's 1997. They won't be the only people getting a fast horse out of town.

BRIAN

(getting a little more friendly)

So, er, d'you fancy a drink tonight?

ROBERTA

(shaking her head)

Don't even think about me when you masturbate.

CUT TO:

83 INT LIFT OFFICE BLOCK DAY

The TWO ASSASSINS are in a lift on their own watching the light indicating the floor numbers. They are dressed as tourists, carrying cameras etc. The lift stops and they walk out into the reception area of an office. The names 'Montague Robinson and Baird' are written on the wall in large letters. The men approach the RECEPTIONIST who simply stares at them. They look back at her, then at each other, then at her again. She remains inscrutably mute. They back away.

1ST ASSASSIN

What should we do?

2ND ASSASSIN

Dunno. Maybe we should just hold a gun to her head.

1ST ASSASSIN

No point. She might not know.

They approach the RECEPTIONIST again.

1ST ASSASSIN

Could you help us? We're trying to track down a friend.

RECEPTIONIST

Name?

1ST ASSASSIN

Ah, well, you see we don't know.

RECEPTIONIST

(sarcastically)

Is he a very close friend?

2ND ASSASSIN

You see he's only a friend of a friend. You see he was supposed to help us look for, er, a place to live and we lost his address...

1ST ASSASSIN

Yeah and we, er, remembered he worked here, we just got here from the states, first time, ha, ha. Anyway he would get a lot, well, some calls from the states. Who gets calls from the states?

RECEPTIONIST

You are crazy, I don't know. They get calls from the states every five minutes, this an American company. They are three floors and another office in North Point, maybe one or two hundred Americans.

2ND ASSASSIN takes out his gun and grabs her brutally by the hair, holding the gun to her temple.

1ST ASSASSIN

Okay you little bitch. A guy got a call from the states last Monday morning. Who was it?

RECEPTIONIST

I don't know, I don't know. I can't remember. Don't kill me, please don't kill me. I can't remember, many calls...

2ND ASSASSIN shoots her in the head. They turn and press the button for the lift.

2ND ASSASSIN

Now all we have to do is wait outside and see who's sweating the most when they go home from work. It's going to be a tough day at the office for someone.

CUT TO:

84 INT BRIAN'S OFFICE DAY

BRIAN is sitting at his desk looking rather pale.

BRIAN

So, did you find out what the noise was?

VOICE

What am I, the person who finds out what loud noises are? It's not your noise is it? Is it? You should get your own noise, if you want a noise...

BRIAN

Alright, alright, just tell me what it was, you went to find out, didn't you?

VOICE

Ooh, well, someone came to work with his slippers on...

BRIAN

(interrupting angrily)

What was the bloody noise?

VOICE

Well, if you'll let me finish.(*pause*) Someone shot the receptionist in the head.

BRIAN

(horrified)
No!

VOICE

(flippantly)
I'm afraid so. My money's on Wilson from acquisitions, she hit him with her umbrella last week for using her phone.

BRIAN

(still horrified)
Dear God.

CUT TO:

85 INT FLAT NIGHT

MIKE, MACINTYRE and CREAMY are in the boys' flat. CREAMY and MACINTYRE are sitting on the settee looking at inkblot tests. MIKE is looking through some papers at the table.

MIKE

Okay, so I'm Paul Smith.

CREAMY

What are these for?

MIKE

They're psychology tests. You're supposed to guess at someone's character, hang-ups, whatever according to what they think the ink blots look like. Should we just do one bank?

MACINTYRE

No. Two, I would say but no more than that.

CREAMY

(indicating an ink blot)
What is this?

MACINTYRE

A vagina.

CREAMY

(outraged)
No!

MACINTYRE

It is, it looks like a vagina.

MIKE

I can't believe they gave me a passport.

CREAMY

Alright, maybe a vagina. What about this one?

MACINTYRE

That's a vagina too.

CREAMY

(greater outrage)
No!

MIKE

Should I wear a disguise.

MACINTYRE

Fair point. Yeah, probably best. Nothing too outrageous, dark glasses, false moustache as long as it doesn't look too ridiculous.

CREAMY

(turning the page of the book, becoming a little angry)
This one?

MACINTYRE

Vagina.

CREAMY

(becoming very angry)
Whose vagina? You know too many vaginas.

MIKE

Will you stop that?

MACINTYRE

I'm not doing anything.

CREAMY

One more. This one.

MACINTYRE

Well, er, it looks like an aeroplane. (*pause*) But if you turn it upside down it looks like a vagina.

Creamy stands up and looks at him pointedly.

CREAMY

Well you can be on your own with your vaginas.

She storms out slamming the door behind her.

MIKE

(darkly)

You know who's still in the wardrobe, don't you?

CUT TO:

86 INT DELIA'S FLAT NIGHT

DELIA and MIKE are sitting watching TV in bed. The news is on.

DELIA

Okay. So now we have Paul Smith, what do we do with him?

MIKE

We take two million sterling from both HSBC and Standard Chartered.

DELIA

Did you open the bank accounts?

MIKE

No, not yet, I thought...

DELIA

Oh my God...

MIKE

What, what is it?

DELIA

Sh, look at the tele...

CUT TO:

The TV, on which a reporter, BAMBI, is standing outside an office block. The tones of the reporter and studio presenter, JUICY, are just a little bit too bright and breezy for the subject matter.

BAMBI

It was in this normally quiet part of Causeway Bay where today just before noon a young secretary was brutally gunned down as she sat at her desk in the

offices of Montague, Robinson and Baird, a firm of accountants who work from Wu Chung house, the building behind me. Police are reluctant at this stage to release a great deal of information regarding the shooting but a link with organised crime can't be ruled out given the sinister efficiency with which the crime appears to have been carried out.

JUICY

Bambi, have the police any leads at all?

BAMBI

No, Juicy, they appear at present to be at a complete loss but appeal to anyone who may have been in this part of Causeway Bay around noon today to come forward.

JUICY

Thanks, Bambi, in other news, a human hand was found outside a 7-11 in Tsuen Wan this morning...

CUT TO:

MIKE

(with dread)

You're going to tell me something alarming aren't you?

DELIA

That's Brian's office.

MIKE

(suddenly speaking with complete conviction)

Right, that's it, we can't go through with this, I've got a body in my wardrobe, people are getting shot. We're decent people, if we start behaving like the bad guys there's no hope for humanity. This has been cursed from the start, what if...

DELIA

Hold on there, hold on. You've got a body in your wardrobe?

MIKE

Yeah, well, I wasn't supposed to tell you. It's alright though we're going to dump it tomorrow.

DELIA

What on earth are you talking about? Suddenly I'm in bed with Michael Corleone.

MIKE

Yeah, er, remember I told you about the student who was depressed and had no friends, Smiley?

DELIA

Smiley?

MIKE

That was her name. Well she committed suicide in the flat after I had gone out, and, well, Mac didn't come home that weekend and neither did I so she just sat there for three days.

DELIA

And you thought it was best not to tell the police in the light of our present situation. Or Mac did.

MIKE

That's about the size of it.

DELIA

Mm, probably wise.

MIKE

You don't sound overly worried.

DELIA

These things happen, it's not your fault.

MIKE

(getting angry)

No they don't! Not to me anyway. God Almighty, am I the only person that's upset about this? I mean, three people are dead, Delia. This is awful. I shouldn't be involved in this, I'm not the dead bodies in cupboards type.

DELIA

(trying to bring him round)

You are now. Anyway, you're not seriously suggesting that these people wouldn't be dead if we weren't involved. In fact, if you hadn't nicked that number it's a possibility that both Brian and I would be dead by now. And God knows who else. As soon as Nigel found that number and whoever it was found out that he had the number that was it. Nothing on heaven or earth was going to change things.

MIKE

I don't like it Delia. I mean, you know, I feel good about us, generally speaking, I mean, apart from the fact that we're about to steal millions of dollars and three people are dead but well...

DELIA

(interrupting)

You can walk out if you like.

MIKE

You know it isn't that easy. *(pause)* Would you still want to be with me if there wasn't money at the end of the rainbow. What if it was a choice between me and the money?

DELIA

I would choose you.

MIKE

Well, you would say that wouldn't you?

DELIA

Well you would ask wouldn't you? *(pause)* No, Mike, not necessarily. I want you and the money. If I seem clinical it's only because I know what I want. I think that what's happened up until now was going to happen anyway. They've gone after Brian, that's tough on Brian but there's nothing we could have done about it.

MIKE

They're going to kill us aren't they? Whatever happens, they're going to kill us.

DELIA

If they find us.

MIKE

I wish to God I'd never set eyes on that thing. This is greed d'you know that, greed. 'All suffering comes from desire'.

DELIA

Don't tell me you don't want it. The horse, the house in the country, the library full of books. Enough money to last you for the rest of your life. Don't tell me you don't want it. I don't see you beating a path to the university these days, you could stick with it or you could walk away if you really wanted to. Life is transient, Mike, your life is transient, it's changing and in all truth you're going along with it because deep down inside you want to. Maybe that's what's really bothering you.

MIKE

I don't want it at any price. You're probably right about what's happened so far but as soon as I think people are getting hurt because of me I'm out. You know what I'm saying here, Delia.

DELIA

(with alarming bitterness)

You've never really had to worry about money have you? Believe me, life takes on a whole new complexion when you don't know where your next meal's coming from.

MIKE

(softening up a bit and taking her in his arms)

Yeah, well, I'm sorry, I guess it does. I just wish it could all be a bit less
(*pause*) awful.

CUT TO:

87 EXT STREET NIGHT

BRIAN is standing outside MIKE and MACINTYRE's flat pressing the buzzers obviously trying to establish which number is correct. He hears the word 'wai' (hello) as an answer to three calls and then, finally, the sound of MACINTYRE's voice saying 'hello, who's that?'. At this, he turns and walks away.

CUT TO:

88 EXT STREET DAY

BRIAN and ROBERTA are walking along the street leading to MIKE and MACINTYRE's flat. They have two large, heavy suitcases. ROBERTA is dressed very sexily. They approach the front door of the building and press the service button. An old man, presumably the caretaker, appears. When he opens the door BRIAN runs in past them, pretending not to be with ROBERTA. She bends over, doing a damsel in distress routine with the suitcases. The old man is clearly only too happy to help, although he isn't exactly in peak physical condition. She takes as much time as she can.

CUT TO:

BRIAN is looking around the caretaker's desk. He quickly comes to an array of keys, focuses on 14a, takes it, replaces it with a similar key and goes to the lift. As he does so he is joined by ROBERTA and suitcases. They enter the lift together. The old man is left smiling broadly at ROBERTA who is facing him and smiling sweetly as the doors of the lift close.

CUT TO:

89 INT FLAT DAY

BRIAN and ROBERTA are cautiously wandering about in MIKE and MACINTYRE's flat.

BRIAN

I can't believe that little shit's screwing Delia.

ROBERTA

Believe it, baby. Good and hard too, more than likely.

BRIAN

Do you mind?

ROBERTA

Right, shut up. They wouldn't leave anything lying around. We'll need to look in their rooms.

We follow them through the flat to MACINTYRE's room. It is a mess. There are clothes lying around, empty bottles, condoms, coke cans, etc. ROBERTA rifles through a chest of drawers but finds nothing.

BRIAN

What a bloody state. This is not the room of an international criminal, surely to God.

ROBERTA

We could spend a week in here and not be noticed. I can't see anything. You?

BRIAN

No, best try the other one.

CUT TO:

MIKE's bedroom, which is a good deal, more tidy than the last. As before they start to pick through drawers and bedside table, anywhere that anything might be concealed, with no success. Inevitably BRIAN looks in the wardrobe.

BRIAN

Dear God, look.

CLOSE-UP OF, THE NOW VERY DEAD, SMILEY

ROBERTA

(gleefully)
Well, well, well. Is she dead?

BRIAN

Oh she's dead alright. I don't suppose you've got a camera in your handbag.

ROBERTA

Sadly no. What on earth do you suppose she's doing in there? Have a look.

BRIAN kneels down and looks at the body.

BRIAN

She's been stabbed. She must've found the number or found out what they were up to.

ROBERTA

Guess so. What do you know about this sandwich man? Did he seem the violent type?

BRIAN

Far from it. I thought he was quite docile. I couldn't speak for the other one though, except that I thought he had a Scottish accent.

ROBERTA

Oh well that settles it then, it must've been him. She tried to clean his room and was attacked by his clothes. Come on we better get out of here. You'll have to put the key back, we don't want them finding out we've been here. I feel a little blackmail coming on. Where do we get a gun?

CUT TO:

90 EXT STREET DAY

BRIAN and ROBERTA are walking back the way they came.

BRIAN

(nervously)
A gun? I don't think that's a very good idea. Someone might get hurt.

ROBERTA

(calmly)
Nigel's dead. They've got a body in their wardrobe...

BRIAN

(interrupting)
Just because they've got one doesn't mean we've got to have one.

ROBERTA

(ignoring him)
...your receptionist's had her head blown off, a message for you I'd say at a guess, and you're worried in case anyone gets hurt. Wake up, Brian, this number could be worth billions, it doesn't bear thinking about what you could do with this thing if it works, which apparently it does.

CUT TO:

91 INT FLAT DAY

MIKE, DELIA and MACINTYRE are in MIKE's room stuffing SMILEY into a rucksack. MACINTYRE is doing this with some gusto; DELIA and MIKE are more subdued. As they are zipping it up her hand pops out.

MACINTYRE

Rather poetic don't you think. It's like she's waving goodbye.

MIKE unhappily pushes the hand back into the rucksack and zips it up. He sits down on the bed with a look of dread on his face.

DELIA

This is the last bloody thing we need. How could you be so stupid?

MIKE

We didn't kill her, it was just bad luck, remember? If you ask me this is fate. God is telling us...

MACINTYRE

To get on with it.

DELIA

Mike, for the last time, this is not divine intervention. We haven't done anything wrong.

MIKE sighs with an air resignation, his, now, stock response to the increasingly unpleasant nature of their activities.

MACINTYRE

Shut up.

MIKE

I didn't say anything.

MACINTYRE

No but you were thinking it.

MIKE looks as though he is about to protest but is cut off by MACINTYRE.

Right, let's get on with it.

CUT TO:

92 EXT/INT MTR NIGHT

MIKE, DELIA and MACINTYRE are standing on the platform of Central MTR station. It is mid-evening and not as busy as usual. MACINTYRE takes the rucksack off his back and puts it on the platform, patting it on the head. A couple of BACKPACKERS are standing next to him. They are, inevitably, the tie-dye T-shirts and shorts variety, if a little fresh-faced and innocent.

MACINTYRE

(to backpackers)

Dead heavy these things aren't they?

1ST BACKPACKER

(in a German accent)

Yes they are. Do you know, am I in the right place to get to Chung King Mansions?

MACINTYRE

You are indeed. Get off at Tsim Sha Tsui, you know? Second stop.

2ND BACKPACKER

We have come from India this morning, This rucksack is getting heavier I think. It's like someone keeps putting something in it while I am not looking. Are you going to Chung King Mansions?

MACINTYRE

No I'm going up to Mong Kok.

MIKE

(aside to MACINTYRE)

Is this the best time to be making friends?

1ST BACKPACKER

I am Claus and this is Gerd.

They all shake hands, MIKE and DELIA reluctantly, MACINTYRE is a little too friendly. As they are doing so the train arrives. They all get on. CLAUS and GERD sit next to their friend. MIKE and DELIA sit opposite them.

MACINTYRE

So, you boys from Germany then?

GERD

Yes we are, you are British?

MACINTYRE

Well, Scottish, actually but yes I suppose so.

As they are talking MIKE looks across at MACINTYRE and notices that there is a finger protruding from the rucksack. He kicks MACINTYRE's foot to attract his attention.

MIKE

(leaning forward and hissing into his ear)

There's a bloody finger sticking out.

MACINTYRE looks at the finger and then in the direction in which the finger is pointing. Finally he smiles, pokes the finger back in and zips up the rucksack.

DELIA

You know I think he's actually enjoying this.

MACINTYRE

Did you see the Taj Mahal?

CLAUS

Yes it was wonderful.

MACINTYRE

Yes but it's not as good as the Scott Monument.

CLAUS

The what?

MACINTYRE

The Scott Monument in Edinburgh, spectacular.

GERD

We have never been to your country.

MACINTYRE

Never mind, did you go to Jaipur, is it Jaipur, the pink city?

CLAUS

Yes it was also very beautiful.

MACINTYRE

You've obviously never been to Dundee?

GERD

I have heard of this place is it pink also?

MACINTYRE

Well not pink exactly, more a sort of greyish brown but...

CLAUS

(interrupting)

We also went to the Himalayas. It was amazing...

MACINTYRE

(interrupting)

I've seen the Himalayas but to be honest, for truly awe-inspiring scenery you really can't beat the highlands of Scotland.

GERD

You surely can't compare Scotland to the Himalayas I don't think it can be the same.

MACINTYRE

It's better. Have you ever been to Scotland?

CLAUS

No, but...

MACINTYRE

Well there you are then.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later, MACINTYRE, CLAUS and GERD are sitting silently, staring into space, MACINTYRE smiling, the Germans looking a bit bemused. The train pulls into Tsim Sha Tsui station and the Germans get off.

MACINTYRE

(as they are leaving the train)

And if you ever get to Scotland don't forget the Hanging Gardens of Perth.

GERMANS

(looking back into the train with great suspicion)

Thank you, goodbye.

The doors close and the train moves off again.

MACINTYRE

(with a look of self-satisfaction)

Travel really does broaden the mind.

CUT TO:

93 EXT MONG KOK NIGHT

MACINTYRE, DELIA and MIKE are now in the back streets of Mong Kok. It is dark and very quiet. They approach the water's edge, which is lined with broken-down old shacks. A few

Chinese lanterns sway in doorways, their reflections shimmering in the water. They put down the rucksack and stand in a line looking at it. After a moment MACINTYRE takes the body out of the rucksack and dumps it rather unceremoniously into the sea.

DELIA

(ponderously)

Poor little Smiley, I wonder what made her so sad.

MACINTYRE

Thomas bloody Hardy.

CUT TO:

94 EXT HAPPY VALLEY DAY

BRIAN and ROBERTA are standing in the crowd at the racecourse watching the finish of a race. It is milling with engrossed spectators and there is the customary crescendo accompanying the end of the race. A few desperate punters nearby slink sadly away as ROBERTA lowers binoculars from her face and turns to look at BRIAN who is tearing up a betting slip.

ROBERTA

(smugly)

I told you.

BRIAN

Alright, alright. So where are all these dodgy guys waiting to sell us a gun?

ROBERTA

Just look for young, flash guys wearing black pants and black shoes with white socks.

CUT TO:

95 EXT STREET DAY

ROBERTA and BRIAN are walking down the street outside the racecourse. In the background, on a wall outside the racecourse we can see a sign, which tells us that there now only thirty-seven days to go. ROBERTA, as ever, has a very confident, sophisticated look about her, BRIAN looks rather less so.

BRIAN

Roberta, we'll never get a gun. We haven't got a clue.

ROBERTA

Speak for yourself. Look, we can go into a dodgy pub and ask someone who looks about right, I mean let's face it we're in the right city.

CUT TO:

96 INT PUB NIGHT

ROBERTA and BRIAN are in a seedy pub. They are the only Westerners there. The clientele are a rather frightening-looking bunch. Most sit alone, staring vacantly, menacingly into space. Two drunk, wild-eyed men sit opposite each other at an adjacent table taking turns to slap each other across the face. The decor is in distinct contrast with that which we have seen up to now, basic to say the least. BRIAN is sitting down looking warily around the pub, he is not at home here. ROBERTA is talking to a sullen barman. She finishes talking and joins BRIAN.

ROBERTA

Okay, we wait here for half an hour.

BRIAN

Yeah and then someone drags us outside at gunpoint and dismembers us.

ROBERTA

Relax, Brian it's a public place, there wouldn't be much to gain from killing us.

BRIAN

I don't want a gun, I'm not going to shoot anyone.

ROBERTA

Well you probably won't have to. I just think it's safer.

BRIAN raises his eyebrows. He's a little out of ROBERTA's league and is obviously aware of it.

CUT TO:

Same scene half an hour later. A young Chinese MAN walks into the pub. He has a shifty look and is wearing the obligatory black trousers and shoes with white socks.

ROBERTA

Here's our boy.

He comes over to their table and sits down.

MAN

You Bonny and Clyde?

BRIAN

No, I'm...

MAN

I don't want to know your names. You have the money?

ROBERTA

Uh huh.

MAN

Let's see.

ROBERTA reveals a roll of thousand dollar notes. The young Chinese MAN nods and brings out a paper bag, which DELIA inspects.

BRIAN

Wait a minute, how do we know that it's real?

MAN

You get a six month money back guarantee.

BRIAN

That's very reasonable.

They do the exchange and the young Chinese MAN walks away. ROBERTA gives the gun to BRIAN and they walk out.

CUT TO:

97 INT FLAT NIGHT

BRIAN is alone in his flat. He is standing in the living room doing Clint Eastwood impersonations. After a moment or two he tries to throw the gun in the air and catch it again. He drops it and it falls to the floor, going off and shooting the television.

CUT TO:

98 INT BAR NIGHT

The TWO ASSASSINS are sitting in a trendy bar in Wanchai on Hong Kong Island. There are thirty days to go according to a sign behind the bar. It is busy and noisy. They are sitting at a

table facing each other. They are staring at each other with some intensity.

1ST ASSASSIN

(very deliberately)
'I'm just a girl who can't say no.' was from Oklahoma.

2ND ASSASSIN

Well I thought it was from Annie Get Your Gun.

1ST ASSASSIN

Well you were wrong.

2ND ASSASSIN

(after a moment's thought)
Do you like killing people?

1ST ASSASSIN

Do I like killing people? What kind of a question is that?

2ND ASSASSIN

I think I like it. I wonder if I'm a psychopath.

There is a slight pause as 1ST ASSASSIN looks at 2ND ASSASSIN in a way that suggests he doesn't have a very high opinion of him.

1ST ASSASSIN

I think we should talk to one of the accountants.

2ND ASSASSIN

Yeah, I guess so. Whoever they are they're keeping pretty quiet.

CUT TO:

On the other side of the pub MACINTYRE and CREAMY are dancing on top of the bar to much cheering and whooping by the rest of the clientele.

CUT TO:

99 EXT ROOFTOP DAY

MIKE, DELIA and MACINTYRE are on the roof of DELIA's apartment block somewhere in Mid-Levels.

MIKE

So what did he say exactly?

DELIA

Only that he knows about Smiley, for all I know he's got photographs of us dumping her in the sea.

MIKE

Oh my God.

DELIA

And he wants the number from the pastrami kid, I think that's you.

Indicating MIKE.

MIKE

It could be him.

He indicates MACINTYRE who is eating a sandwich. As they speak the door to the roof opens and out step BRIAN and ROBERTA.

MIKE

Roberta?

ROBERTA

Mike?

DELIA

Roberta?

ROBERTA

(obviously relishing this new turn of events)
Mike and I are old friends, aren't we Mike?

MIKE

(with amazement)
What... what on earth are you doing here?

ROBERTA

The guy I was screwing was Nigel, the rest you can probably work out for yourself. What are you doing here?

BRIAN

He's the sandwich man.

ROBERTA

(smugly)
Well, well. You've certainly come up in the world.

MIKE

You were screwing Nigel?

MACINTYRE

You didn't screw him to death, did you?

ROBERTA

Actually no, although I wish I had.

MACINTYRE

You used to sleep with this woman? I can't believe this.

ROBERTA

Neither can I lard boy but we all make mistakes, I suppose. At least I can say no to a Mars Bar.

MACINTYRE

I strongly protest, I may have an ample girth...

DELIA

Alright, alright we all know why we're here. What do you want, Brian?

BRIAN

The number.

MACINTYRE

What number?

ROBERTA

Oh, come on. Hand over the number or we go to the police and tell them about the dead girl in the wardrobe.

MIKE

She isn't there anymore.

ROBERTA

What does that matter? The forensics find one strand of hair or one speck of blood and you're in deep trouble and her body will turn up sooner or later as well you know. And I don't care if you have the number or not. If I don't get it I go to the police.

DELIA

Alright, alright we have the number but you can't use it.

BRIAN

We know. But we want it anyway, just in case.

DELIA

Okay, you can have the number but we all have to agree on a day for leaving the territory. You make your own arrangements, we go our separate ways, all we do is use the number at the same time.

ROBERTA

(uncompromisingly)
The number.

DELIA

(scribbling a number down on a piece of paper and handing it to her)
This could be anything, you know that don't you?

ROBERTA

If it's not real and you pull a fast one on us, we go to the police. Or maybe we'll just take matters into our own hands. (*with an air of menace that is only half way to being a joke*) We know where you live.

MACINTYRE

We could say the same thing to you, you know that don't you?

ROBERTA

Nobody found a dead girl in my wardrobe. (*pause*) I'm better at this than you are, a theory that you test at your peril.

CUT TO:

100 EXT STREET DAY

The TWO ASSASSINS are standing outside the building where BRIAN works. People are

leaving the building in a steady stream, it is 5 o'clock. A sign at the front of the building informs us that there are twenty-six days to go.

2ND ASSASSIN

What if it is him and he just doesn't tell us?

1ST ASSASSIN

Killing the receptionist might've been a mistake, thinking about it. We let him know we're around, whoever he is but he's still got to be scared, I would be. Here we go. The guy who just came out with the white shirt and the red tie.

A man looking like BRIAN is leaving the building. The ASSASSINS follow him discreetly. He walks across the street and heads up an alley. His pursuers hurry after him, catching up with him and bundling him up another alley running off the first one. It is deserted and dark. They push the man up against the wall. We finally see that it is not BRIAN.

1ST ASSASSIN

Okay you know why you're here?

MAN

(handing over his wallet)

Here, I've nothing else, take it, please don't shoot me.

2ND ASSASSIN

The number.

MAN

What?

2ND ASSASSIN

(placing a gun in his mouth)

The number, you know what we mean. Hand over any copies or discs, anywhere you have it written down and tell us who else knows about it and you can walk.

MAN

(becoming increasingly desperate)

I don't know what you're talking about, what number?

1ST ASSASSIN

Okay, we know about the phone calls from the states, we know you have the number, just do the sensible thing and you live, otherwise this bad man will have to shoot your head.

MAN

(crying with fear)
I don't know what you mean, I don't know anything about any number.

1ST ASSASSIN

Right shoot his head.

MAN

I don't what you mean, please don't, please...

2ND ASSASSIN

(shooting his leg)
Did you say leg or head?

The man falls to the ground and cries out in pain. The 1ST ASSASSIN leans down and grabs him by the hair.

1ST ASSASSIN

Now, I'm not going to ask again, tell us what we want to know and you can limp away. The number.

MAN

(weeping hysterically)
I don't know what you mean. I don't know what you mean.

1ST ASSASSIN

If I were to say to you the words, 'We are your future' what would that mean to you?

MAN

I don't know, I don't know.

1ST ASSASSIN

Sure you do.

MAN

(his voice rising almost to a scream)
I don't know, Microtech 19, that's what they say, 'we are your future'. I don't know what you're talking about.

1ST ASSASSIN

Sure you do.

1ST ASSASSIN holds the gun to his temple.

MAN

(crying)

I'm an accountant, I don't work for Microtech 19, please, please God, I don't know what you're talking about.

2ND ASSASSIN

(surveying their handiwork)

He's telling the truth.

1ST ASSASSIN

Alright, listen, we want to know which of your colleagues has friends in New York or has at least been getting regular calls from New York.

MAN

(stuttering, talking quickly and fearfully)

Our head office is in New York, almost everyone in the company gets calls like that, over half of them are American and most of those have come from New York. I... I... really can't... I don't...*(tailing off)*

1ST ASSASSIN

(interrupting)

Okay you can go. *(smiling benignly)* And remember, 'we are your future'.

The man gets up and limps past them.

And now you are our past.

As he speaks 2ND ASSASSIN shoots the MAN in the back of the head.

2ND ASSASSIN

I wanted to say that. Why don't I get to say, 'We are your future and you are our past'.

1ST ASSASSIN

Because you're a numbskull.

2ND ASSASSIN

(pointing the gun at 1ST ASSASSIN)

I want to say 'We are your future' I'm fed up with this, you get to say all the cool

stuff.

1ST ASSASSIN

So what? You're going to shoot me?

2ND ASSASSIN

(relenting a little)

I want to shoot another accountant, and this time I get to say the cool stuff.

1ST ASSASSIN

(sighing)

If we must.

2ND ASSASSIN

(practising)

'We are your future...' (*pause*) what was it again?

CUT TO:

101 INT FLAT NIGHT

MIKE, DELIA, MACINTYRE and CREAMY sit in MIKE and MACINTYRE's flat watching TV.

CUT TO:

The TV. The news is on, JUICY, the presenter is talking to a link with BAMBI.

JUICY

And we have a report on that now from Bambi Wong.

CUT TO:

BAMBI

Here in Causeway Bay in the alleyway just behind me, another two employees of Montague Robinson and Baird were brutally murdered at just after 5 o'clock this evening. The police have not yet said if there is a link between these killings and the murder of the receptionist, Esmerelda Chung, a few weeks ago but it seems likely that there is. The men, both aged thirty-five, whose names have not yet been released, are believed to have been accountants with the same firm. They were shot at point blank range in another apparently motiveless attack.

CUT TO:

JUICY

Bambi, is there anything else you can tell us, it all seems to be very mysterious?

CUT TO:

BAMBI

Not much, I'm afraid, Juicy, one victim was shot twice, in the leg and, fatally, in the head. The other, once in the head. Robbery, we're told, wasn't the motive and that's as much as I can tell you. People are speculating about ex-employees, organised crime links and so on but the truth is, quite simply, that no one knows why this is happening. Clearly we're just going to have to wait for further developments.

CUT TO:

JUICY

Thanks Bambi. Elsewhere in the territory today some schoolchildren discovered another leg in Pok Fu Lam...

CUT TO:

The assembled company staring stony-faced into the camera, apparently still watching TV. DELIA uses the remote control to turn off the sound.

DELIA

Well, there we are. The net is closing.

MACINTYRE

I don't think so. This is actually quite good news when you really...

MIKE

(the only one who seems to be upset about the deaths, a fact that is increasingly exasperating to him)

Good news! You've got to be joking. You're actually getting used to this. My God...

DELIA

No, Mike, Mac's right, thinking about it if they had any idea who Brian was they'd have caught him and probably us by now and what's more they can't just keep killing people. Apart from anything else the police'll be red hot in Causeway Bay.

CREAMY

We must do it soon, I think, maybe they will just keep killing people.

MACINTYRE

Alright. We can't afford not to let them know about the number. I assume you gave her a false number on the roof.

DELIA

Of course.

MACINTYRE

If only bloody Smiley hadn't killed herself.

MIKE

Some people are very selfish.

CREAMY

But she was a student, surely it's okay if they find a bit of her.

MACINTYRE

Mm, the problem is not that she was here, we can explain that away, the problem is that we don't want to be anywhere near the police right now and they might well find a trace of her blood, in which case we really are in the shit.

MIKE

Fair enough I suppose, so what's next? Go along with them?

DELIA

I don't think we've got much choice.

CREAMY

We should burn all the furniture.

MACINTYRE

What for? Luck? Is this another one of your Chinese things, Creamy?

CREAMY

No, stupid. Get rid of the blood.

DELIA

Creamy's right. This is a pain in the arse but we can help ourselves a bit by scrubbing the place down and burning all the furniture that she touched.

Remember, Roberta and Brian didn't know she was a student. It could be useful to let them think they've got something on us.

MIKE

(sighing, with head in hands)
That still leaves the small problem of the killers.

CUT TO:

102 EXT FERRY DAY

The two ASSASSINS are on a ferry heading for Lantau Island. They stand at the back looking at the image of Hong Kong receding in the background. A man stands beside them reading the South China Morning Post. A headline reads, 'Fifteen days to go - capitalism to communism in one day - are you ready?'

1ST ASSASSIN

Well I don't think we should kill anyone else for now. I'll phone back and suggest we sit tight for a few weeks and wait until someone uses the number.

2ND ASSASSIN

And if they don't?

1ST ASSASSIN

I suppose we'll just have to assume that we got him. In a few months no one'll be able to use it anyway. In the meantime I think we should enjoy ourselves. It's going to be a hell of a party. *(looking round and smiling at some young female backpackers standing a few feet away)*

2ND ASSASSIN

What is?

CUT TO:

103 EXT ROOF DAY

CREAMY and MACINTYRE are on the roof of MIKE and MACINTYRE's apartment building, stoking a small fire. MIKE and DELIA appear with armfuls of broken furniture, which they dump beside the fire.

MACINTYRE

Not too much now we don't want the neighbours phoning the fire brigade.

MIKE

It's kind of sad in a way, like a funeral pyre.

MACINTYRE

We should have a barbecue. Creamy, run down to the shops and buy some bacon and sausages.

CREAMY

Okay.

MACINTYRE hands her some notes and she skips off.

DELIA

What is she? Your slave?

MACINTYRE

(nodding)

Mm. When we're alone I make her lick my shoes and bark like a dog.

MACINTYRE barks in order to emphasise his point.

MIKE

(looking at DELIA)

You still think I should be more like him.

CUT TO:

Same scene after dark. The fire is still going with only a few bits of wood now left. They all sit around staring into the flames. CREAMY is burning fake money. The others are drinking cans of beer.

MACINTYRE

What are you doing now my little eclair. It's a bit premature to be burning money.

CREAMY

Burning ghost money for dead people.

MACINTYRE

Whatever peels your banana.

MIKE

I hope someone isn't doing it for us in a week or so.

DELIA

(becoming annoyed)

Stop it, Mike. Stop it. *(pause)* Or go if you want to. I don't care anymore. Just shut up or leave.

MIKE

(angrily)

Why do you keep telling me to shut up? Why shouldn't I be upset? A couple of months ago I was a normal human being with a normal life. Today I'm burning things so that I won't be convicted of murder and next week I'm going to steal millions of dollars. I feel sick.

MACINTYRE

(calmly)

In a few weeks time we could be on a plane heading for the place of our heart's desire. You didn't seriously think there wouldn't be some sort of price to pay. 'I am a millionaire, that is my religion'.

MIKE

Howard Hughes?

MACINTYRE

Shaw.

DELIA

We got lucky, that's all. We can either take advantage of it or forget about it and regret it for the rest of our lives.

MIKE

We might very well regret it anyway.

DELIA

(becoming angry)

Why can't you just accept it, God Almighty, must we have this bloody moral dilemma episode every time something happens. We're in it now, like it or not. *(raising her voice to a shout)* So you might just as bloody well get on with it.

DELIA storms off leaving an embarrassing pause in the proceedings.

CREAMY

(attempting to restore a more light-hearted atmosphere)

Do you believe in aliens? You know the Americans have aliens in cages.

MACINTYRE

(clearly welcoming this lighter note in the proceedings)

I'm a bit sceptical about all this, I mean, it's the sort of thing that would be rather difficult to keep a secret if it was true. So they've got all these aliens in freezers somewhere and they're terrified we'll all find out. Why? It's not going to make a difference to my life if there's an American chasing an alien round an operating table with a cattle prod. Let's face it, you're an alien and you have the technology to come all the way here, technology way in advance of ours and you decide to go to California, worse than that, you crash.

MIKE

I would go somewhere remote, bleak like Siberia.

MACINTYRE

I see, the depressed alien now. 'Oh alright I'll go but don't expect me to enjoy myself.'

CREAMY

You go to the most powerful country America. Introduce yourself nicely.

MACINTYRE

The country where you're most likely to get a paranoid reaction. I wouldn't go to America and I'm only Scottish.

CREAMY

I'm going back in. MacIntyre, you will come.

MACINTYRE

In a moment, my little meringue.

CREAMY leaves the roof and MACINTYRE opens a can of beer and walks over to the edge of the roof, leaving MIKE on his own staring into the fire.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later. DELIA reappears. She has obviously calmed down a bit.

DELIA

Do you still love me?

MIKE

What's not to love?

DELIA

You tell me. You're the one having an attack of morality.

MIKE

I do love you Delia, I loved you from the moment you first accosted me. I suppose I'm worried because I'm not in control. That's the thing about committing a crime. You lose control of your life. You're at the mercy of the police, of your conscience, of anyone else who knows about it and in so doing you introduce elements of risk to a perceptibly perfect formula and you send it into chaos. I mean, we do things in life essentially to protect ourselves from harm and we know that one way or another we're unlikely to have anything spectacularly bad happen to us, as long we live our lives within certain parameters. Our lives may not be spectacularly good either but basically we're safe. Most normal people don't have to make the choices we've, I've, made recently. *(pause)* But then again we might get away with it, there's the seduction.

DELIA

(happily)

I wouldn't want to do this without you. *(pause)* I don't want to lose you, not now. We could be happy together. We really could.

MIKE

(becoming less serious)
And would you die without me?

DELIA

Absolutely. I would die in a flood of my own tears. Would you die without me?

MIKE

I would fade away to nothing. All that would be left of me would be my hat.

DELIA

They would bury it. Here lies Mike's hat. It was all that was left of him. *(pause)* I'm going in. Don't be too long, I've given the servants the night off.

She kisses him and goes inside. MIKE lifts his can of beer and joins MACINTYRE at the side of the roof.

CUT TO:

The city lights glittering in the night. Again we are reminded of Hong Kong's seductive promise.

There is a feeling that this is the lull before the storm, that things are soon going to come to a head. We pan around the city for a second and then down onto the street below them where an old beggar is raking through a dustbin.

MIKE

So what do you think of all this?

MACINTYRE

All this... moral corruption?

MIKE

Yeah, well, that and the deaths.

MACINTYRE

Well I think the deaths would probably have happened anyway so that doesn't really bother me. The stealing of the money, well, I get the impression that this code number, password, whatever it turns out to be, is highly illegal anyway otherwise why are all these people being shot rather than arrested? I don't know, we could talk about it 'til the cows come home and never really come to a conclusion. I'll never be a movie star, Mike, or a business tycoon or a great footballer. This is my one chance to have all the things I wanted and I know I'll regret it if I don't take the chance. Morals are for the middle classes, the comfortable, the rich, not for people like me, not for worn out ex-pats living in the tropics trying to convince themselves that they're living the good life when really they're struggling to get by and don't even know where they'll be in six months time let alone what they'll be doing. There isn't much now that I wouldn't do for the right price.

MIKE

Yeah, I guess...*(pausing)*

MACINTYRE

(indicating the old beggar, who is still raking through a dustbin)
In a few years time I could be him or I could be rich. I know which prospect is the more attractive. When we go to our graves, hopefully a long time from now, this'll be one episode in a long life, maybe even a relatively insignificant one. There are no rules regarding morality, Mike, it's just a question of perspective.

MIKE

It's greed though, at the end of the day, surely? That scene down there is not the product of poverty, it's the product of wealth. There's enough food out there to feed us all comfortably. It's just that, well, nobody ever dreamed of being poor,

you know what I mean? Do I really want this money so badly that I'll steal? I'm even not sure who I am anymore, you know?

MACINTYRE

To be honest this only makes me all the more painfully aware of who I am.

MIKE

Who are the bad guys though, I mean, who are they really? There's no conflict here, no perceptible enemy, I feel like I'm still basically a decent human being and therefore I must be one of the good guys but, of course, I'm stealing so maybe, maybe I'm the bad guy, maybe I should get caught, killed, whatever.

MACINTYRE

You're the historian. You know fine well that it's rarely just as simple as good guys and bad guys. And who's doing all the killing? Not me. They created this thing. Not us. We found out about it, sure, but we're aren't doing anything terribly wrong. Think of it this way, we found a lot of stolen money and we're keeping it. That's about it.

MIKE

Maybe we're all the bad guys. Us and the killers.

MACINTYRE

(pausing for a second)

Sooner or later, Mike, we all have to think of ourselves. It's all we can do. At the end of the day we're all individuals trying to live our lives in the most comfortable way we can. It's all we can do. 'There is a tide in the affairs of men which taken at the flood leads on to fortune.'

CUT TO:

CLOSE-UP OF MIKE

MIKE

(pensively)

Mm. I can't help thinking we'll never get away with it. Not without paying for it, somehow.

CUT TO:

104 INT OFFICE DAY

BRIAN is in the office walking along a corridor. He spots a beggar, looking completely incongruous in this environment, taking a drink from a water dispenser. He lifts a newspaper

from a desk and hits the beggar firmly over the head with it as he passes, telling him to 'clear off'. He enters a private office where we find MONTAGUE sitting behind a desk.

MONTAGUE

Yes, Brian.

BRIAN

I'd like to hand in my notice, sir.

MONTAGUE

Alright. (*pause*) Was that all?

BRIAN

Yes, sir. I'd like to keep it between ourselves if that's okay.

MONTAGUE

Fine.

BRIAN

Fine. I'll just go then.

BRIAN awkwardly leaves the room, goes back up the corridor and back to his desk. As he is sitting staring into space a mango sails through the air and hits him on the head. It has come from the direction of the VOICE's cubicle.

BRIAN

Why did you do that?

VOICE

It just slipped out of my hand.

BRIAN

I hate you.

CUT TO:

105 INT FLAT DAY

MIKE, DELIA, MACINTYRE, CREAMY, BRIAN and ROBERTA sit in DELIA's flat.

ROBERTA

So when do we go? I suggest about two weeks. Brian's handed in his notice. He leaves at the end of next week but I think we should leave it a few days after that before we go. Can I take it none of you have jobs where you have to give notice?

DELIA

Only me and I've made similar plans.

MACINTYRE

Okay then two weeks today, if it works.

ROBERTA

Oh, it'll work, it was the one thing Nigel was sure of. And he got his head blown off just to prove the point.

CUT TO:

106 EXT STREET NIGHT

The TWO ASSASSINS are walking along Lockhart Road, a lurid sort of a place even by Hong Kong standards. It is very busy, obviously a weekend. People try to entice them into go-go dancing bars, 'beautiful girls, sexy girls, you will have a good time' 'only hundred dollars a drink, speak to beautiful girls'. A down and out approaches with cupped hands, he has only one leg, one of them pushes him away as they stride purposefully on. Eventually they come to a 'normal' bar and go in. It is again very busy. We cut to a scene of them standing against a pillar with their drinks in their hands. It is, of course, an ex-pat pub in a vaguely English style. A woman tries to get past them but spills a drink over ASSASSIN ONE. The girl is JENNIFER from the hostel. She is a little drunk.

JENNIFER

I'm terribly sorry, you wouldn't believe it but I'm a barmaid when I'm at work.

1ST ASSASSIN

Talk about irony.

JENNIFER

Well there's no need to be like that, you look like an off-duty policeman. Is that what you are? Are you an off-duty policeman?

1ST ASSASSIN

Something like that. Actually I'm a florist and so is my friend here.

JENNIFER

Oh you are not, I think you're a dog-handler. You're not a florist at any rate.

2ND ASSASSIN

How do you know we're not florists?

JENNIFER

Because you don't have green fingers.

1ST ASSASSIN

So, you know this town pretty well?

JENNIFER

You could say that, what did you have in mind?

1ST ASSASSIN

We were looking for a club, you know the kind of thing, where my friend here can pick up a girl.

JENNIFER

What about you? Don't you pick up girls?

1ST ASSASSIN

I thought I picked up you.

JENNIFER

So you did and I didn't even notice, you florists are very clever.

CUT TO:

107 EXT STREET NIGHT

The TWO ASSASSINS and JENNIFER are walking up Lockhart Road, the scene and atmosphere are very much as at the beginning of the last scene. JENNIFER is of a happy, dancing disposition, the TWO ASSASSINS rather taciturn.

2ND ASSASSIN

So where are we going?

JENNIFER

I thought you might like to go to The Jump. It's just up here a bit. We could take the MTR but it's only one stop and it's nice to walk. Don't you think it's nice to walk?

2ND ASSASSIN

(glumly)

Yeah, it's nice to walk.

CUT TO:

108 INT NIGHTCLUB NIGHT

The nightclub is dark, noisy and vibrant. It is very busy with a wild almost primitive atmosphere. The 1ST ASSASSIN and JENNIFER are dancing in a way that would seem to suggest they are going to have sex fairly soon. The 2ND ASSASSIN is looking on rather unhappily.

CUT TO:

109 INT HOTEL BEDROOM NIGHT

JENNIFER and 1ST ASSASSIN are in bed in a well-appointed hotel bedroom. It is dark, the room is lit only by the light that breaks in from the street. They are covered in sweat and smoking cigarettes.

JENNIFER

That was pretty good for a florist.

1ST ASSASSIN

It's a very sexy job. We have to pollinate, cross-pollinate.

She reaches over him to put out her cigarette and starts to run her hands up and down his body. He pushes her on to her back and they begin round two. There is obviously no love between them and the scene is a logical extension of the nightclub encounter. There is something brutal and animalistic about it, a direct contrast to MIKE and DELIA's loving embraces.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later. JENNIFER is sitting looking out of the window, smoking another cigarette. The room is dark as she looks out onto Nathan Rd below, still buzzing with life. A neon sign says, 'five days to go'. 1ST ASSASSIN is in bed smoking.

JENNIFER

You know I sometimes used to come in here and use the telephones.

1ST ASSASSIN

What d'you mean, use the telephones.

JENNIFER

I had a friend who was a chamber maid and we used to sneak into the guest's rooms and make overseas calls.

1ST ASSASSIN

Why don't you just make them from home, I'd have thought it was pretty easy to get caught doing it like that?

JENNIFER

I'm a waitress, not a florist, we can't afford these luxuries, unless there's a magic number.

1ST ASSASSIN

What's a magic number?

JENNIFER

It's a number you can prefix to a telephone call and get it for free. The consensus is that it's someone's credit card number.

1ST ASSASSIN

You get many of these, do you?

JENNIFER

No, not lately, the last one I heard about was a couple of months ago although come to think of it I did hear MacIntyre going on about a magic number to that mate of his just after they left.

1ST ASSASSIN

MacIntyre? Explain, you're losing me here.

JENNIFER

The great Cavendish MacIntyre otherwise known as the Highland Thing. They were talking all secretive in the bar where I work one day, and they were going on about a magic number but I didn't get the chance to talk to them and I haven't seen either of them since. I was quite annoyed, it's an unwritten law, you always pass on a magic number if you get one.

1ST ASSASSIN

Who was the other one?

JENNIFER

Martin? No. Michael, Mike, that was it. He was doing a PhD in history up at Hong Kong U. He was a nice guy, I quite fancied him.

1ST ASSASSIN

Are you sure about this?

JENNIFER

Yeah, why are you so interested?

1ST ASSASSIN

I'm not, I was pretending to make you feel better. But I'm grateful for the chance to hear about your life, it has a strangely calming effect on me.

JENNIFER reaches into 1ST ASSASSIN's jacket which is slung over a chair next to her. She finds his wallet, opens it and finds something of apparent interest.

JENNIFER

So, you work for Microtech 19, (*mockingly*) 'We are your future'.

1ST ASSASSIN walks round behind her and after gently caressing her shoulders he violently twists her neck. There is a sickening crack before she falls, lifeless, to the floor.

1ST ASSASSIN

(sighing)

We're the forces of darkness is what we are.

CUT TO:

110 INT MTR DAY

BRIAN, ROBERTA, DELIA, CREAMY, MACINTYRE and MIKE are on the MTR heading for Hong Kong University. They are the only ones in the carriage. There is a nervous excitement in the air, they talk a little faster than normal, are a little fidgety. BRIAN keeps getting up and sitting down again as he is speaking. MIKE is already standing, the rest sit.

BRIAN

Why do we have to got all the way up here?

DELIA

Because the university computers are used by a zillion different people and it'll be impossible to trace us.

BRIAN

I don't see why I had to come.

DELIA

You have a point there.

ROBERTA

Creamy, are you sure about this?

CREAMY

Sure, already can get into the bank computer. Only now need to hope the number works.

MIKE

Why couldn't we have used the Internet?

MACINTYRE

Well, apparently it's difficult to get in that way because of the bank's security systems. We need to be able to have some direct contact with the bank's software because that's how the number works. If we didn't do it that way it would be like dialling a telephone number in the UK without using the international code. See?

MIKE

No.

MACINTYRE

Think of the bank as another country, and the account as a house in that country, then imagine the magic number to be the keys to the house. Before we can get into the house we have to be in the right country, understand?

MIKE

Not really.

MACINTYRE

Good. So before we enter the house we enter the country and that's why we need Creamy. She can get us into the bank's computer system but only so far. After that the number allows us to access the bank's files.

CUT TO:

111 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

MIKE, MACINTYRE, DELIA, ROBERTA, BRIAN and CREAMY are in a classroom full of computers. They are alone, all sitting around a computer terminal watching CREAMY with breathless anticipation.

CREAMY

Bingo. Now we have \$100,000,000. Enough?

MACINTYRE

Maybe we should take more just to be on the safe side.

CUT TO:

112 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

The TWO ASSASSINS are striding purposefully down a corridor in the university, evidently the two parties are unaware that they are in the same building. There is dramatic music in the background, suggestive of the impending confrontation.

CUT TO:

113 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

Assembled company still at the computer.

MIKE

The safe side of what?

BRIAN

Something for a rainy day.

MIKE

We have a million and a half sterling each, we agreed that would be it.

ROBERTA

We don't get another chance, let's go for three million each.

CUT TO:

114 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

The TWO ASSASSINS are stalking the corridors. Their intimidating appearance is somehow incongruous in the university context. The music continues as before.

CUT TO:

115 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

Back at the computer.

DELIA

What the hell let's be stinking rich, I didn't think it would be this easy.

CUT TO:

116 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

The TWO ASSASSINS knock on an office door. It is opened by SAM.

SAM

Yes?

1ST ASSASSIN

We're looking for Mike, he's on the PhD programme, history. Is he around?

SAM

I think he is actually, I saw him earlier, he was going down to use a word processor. Down in the computing department, not sure why he went all the way down there, we don't live in the past up here, well, not in every respect.

He laughs, expecting them to laugh also, which they don't.

2ND ASSASSIN

Thanks.

CUT TO:

117 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

Back at the computer room the assembled company are gazing intently into the screen as manipulated by CREAMY. There is a communal gasp as their end is achieved.

CUT TO:

118 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

The TWO ASSASSINS are walking down a corridor.

2ND ASSASSIN

I wanted to kill him.

1ST ASSASSIN

(understandingly)

I know.

CUT TO:

119 INT UNIVERSITY DAY

CREAMY, MACINTYRE, MIKE, DELIA, BRIAN and ROBERTA are walking up the corridor leading to the foyer. They are in high spirits. The TWO ASSASSINS are sitting in the foyer reading newspapers. They don't move as our heroes walk past but appear to be aware of who they are. The signs says, 'three days to go'.

CREAMY

I am very exciting.

They leave the building followed discreetly by the ASSASSINS.

ROBERTA

We'll wait at my hotel.

DELIA

Why your hotel?

ROBERTA

Because I don't trust you people.

MACINTYRE

Us people just made you close to three million pounds.

ROBERTA

Whatever.

CUT TO:

120 EXT MTR STATION DAY

They all get off the MTR at Tsim Sha Tsui, we see them going up the escalator, the ASSASSINS still following at a discreet distance.

CUT TO:

121 INT HOTEL ROOM DAY

They all file into a hotel room. It is not quite so sumptuous as that of 1ST ASSASSIN, but not dingy in any way.

MIKE

Okay, does anyone have sunglasses.

ROBERTA

Hey, Moriarty. Here. (*throws him a pair of sunglasses*). And wear this. (*throws him a hat*). Not that I think a disguise is really necessary but if you insist on doing your James Bond...

MIKE

You're not the one about to steal \$200,000,000. Right I'm going.

ROBERTA

Brian, go with him.

BRIAN follows obediently.

CUT TO:

122 INT HOTEL LOBBY DAY

MIKE and BRIAN are waiting for the lift. It arrives and as they step in the TWO ASSASSINS step out of another lift. They have not seen MIKE and BRIAN and go to ROBERTA's door and knock. From inside a female voice shouts, 'who is it?' to which there is the reply, 'the cleaner'. ROBERTA opens the door and they burst in brandishing guns. 2ND ASSASSIN grabs her by the hair and forces her into the room pushing her to ground.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later. All sit except the TWO ASSASSINS who stand over them with guns. They all look frightened apart from ROBERTA who just looks furious.

1ST ASSASSIN

Alright nobody move, you all know why we're here. I want to know who knows about this code number who's got the number, who's used it, anywhere it might be written down. And no bullshit or he'll (*indicating 2ND ASSASSIN*) start shooting people. And he likes doing it.

2ND ASSASSIN

(helpfully)
I'm a psychopath.

1ST ASSASSIN

So who's going to start me off.

CUT TO:

Same scene a little later.

1ST ASSASSIN

So where are these guys now?

ROBERTA

We're meeting them tonight at the Conrad hotel.

1ST ASSASSIN

Tonight?

CUT TO:

123 INT BANK DAY

MIKE is sitting in a reception area in a bank. A BANK OFFICIAL appears. MIKE is a far cry from the painfully shy, innocent man who first got off the plane. He has, despite his misgivings, become a professional criminal and acts like one.

BANK OFFICIAL

Would you like to come through to my office Mr Smith?

MIKE follows him through to an office where they both sit at a desk facing each other.

BANK OFFICIAL

US dollars, Mr Smith?

MIKE

Yes. That's correct.

A teller brings in a briefcase and starts to count out money. MIKE watches in silence.

CUT TO:

124 EXT STREET DAY

MIKE, now with suitcase, meets BRIAN on the street. They walk off into the crowd.

CUT TO:

125 INT TRAM DAY

MIKE and BRIAN are sitting at the front of the top deck of a tram. They look at each other and begin to smile.

BRIAN

(looking very pleased with himself)
We just stole two hundred million dollars.

CUT TO:

126 EXT STREET DAY

We view the tram heading towards the camera. MIKE and BRIAN are leaning out of the window at the front shouting and cheering hysterically. The people on the street, mostly Chinese, are not impressed.

CUT TO:

127 INT HOTEL ROOM DAY

The others are still being held at gunpoint by the ASSASSINS. There is a knock at the door.

1ST ASSASSIN

Who's that?

ROBERTA

(sarcastically)
Maybe it's the cleaner.

2ND ASSASSIN

(to MACINTYRE)
You. Answer the door.

MACINTYRE gets up and goes to answer the door. The 2ND ASSASSIN follows behind him. MACINTYRE opens the door, as he is doing so all hell breaks loose as ROBERTA reaches into her bag, takes out the gun and shoots the 1ST ASSASSIN. The 2ND ASSASSIN rushes back in using BRIAN as a shield, MIKE and MACINTYRE are also in front of him, a little to the side.

2ND ASSASSIN

(screaming)
Put the gun down or they die.

ROBERTA immediately fires the gun at him but shoots BRIAN, killing him instantly. 2ND ASSASSIN shoots her directly between the eyes as MACINTYRE jumps on him. The gun falls to the floor where it is picked up by DELIA. The 2ND ASSASSIN struggles free as she is picking it up. She shoots him before he can get to her. Suddenly there is silence. Four people are lying dead on the carpet.

MACINTYRE

(relieved, maybe even happy)

Well that worked out rather nicely.

MIKE

(finally sickened completely)

Nicely! Nicely! There are four dead bodies on the carpet, one of them killed by us.

DELIA

I had to do it Mike.

MIKE

No, Delia, you didn't have to do it. You did it for this (*pointing at the money*), well here you are, you've earned it. You've killed for it. So now you can keep it, all of it.

MIKE walks out in disgust.

CUT TO:

128 EXT STREET DAY

The sign on the street in Lan Kwai Fong is counting down from ten seconds. The huge, assembled crowd chant out the countdown. As they reach zero there is a fantastic cheer. Fireworks go off in the night sky.

CUT TO:

129 INT OFFICE DAY

The BOSS is sitting behind the desk in his office talking on the telephone.

BOSS

...Mm, well you know what to do, it hasn't been used again? (*pause*) Good. It's no use as from next week anyway. (*pause*) No, no compromise, you my friend have

sold your soul, you belong to me, you no longer have any choices. *(pause)*
 Except, of course to choose which one of them joins us and becomes your partner. It has a pleasant symmetry, don't you think?

He puts the phone down and presses an intercom button.

BOSS

Barbara?

BARBARA

(through the intercom)
 Yes, sir?

BOSS

There's a woman in Belgium who juggles live fish, what d'you think of that?

BARBARA

I don't think it's a very good idea, sir.

BOSS

Mm, well, anyway, I want you to get me a yo-yo, a pogo-stick, one of those blow-up sex dolls, a large cream cake and a pair of roller-skates.

BARBARA

This isn't another one of these end of the world things, is it, sir?

BOSS

Best to be on the safe side, Barbara.

BARBARA

Right ho, sir.

CUT TO:

130 EXT STREET NIGHT

There are more shots of the celebrations. People are cheering, raising glasses, kissing strangers, dancing. The fireworks are lighting up the sky. We focus on these and then the throngs of people, one of whom, a down and out, is raking through a dustbin. The scene fades very slowly into the next.

CUT TO:

131 EXT COUNTRYSIDE DAY

We see two people on horseback in a rural setting. It is a bright summer's day, we view them in soft focus accentuating the 'happy ever after' motif. There is an enormous mansion house in the background. We close in slowly to see that it is DELIA and MIKE. As we are closing in they lean in towards each other and kiss. MIKE is wearing a hat.

Glad you changed your mind? DELIA

I guess so. MIKE

They would've killed us. DELIA

I know. MIKE

I love your hat. DELIA

I love your hat. MIKE

I'm sorry I missed the party. DELIA

CUT TO:

132 EXT STREET NIGHT

The street party continues apace back in Hong Kong. Firecrackers go off. The sign reads 'zero days to go!'.

CUT TO:

133 EXT COUNTRYSIDE DAY

I'm not wearing... DELIA

As she is saying the last line the camera begins to pull back slowly. A shot rings out as she is speaking, which at first we confuse with the firecrackers but she falls forward in the saddle and then off the horse. She is dead. MIKE looks around not quite taking it in then leans over her body desperately saying her name over and over again. As this is happening we pull back still further to reveal two men, one with a gun aimed in the direction of MIKE, the other standing by. The man standing by is MACINTYRE.

What about him? MAN WITH GUN

MACINTYRE

No, we've done enough.

We close back in slowly on MIKE, bent over DELIA's dead body and then to one side where lies his hat.

THE END